

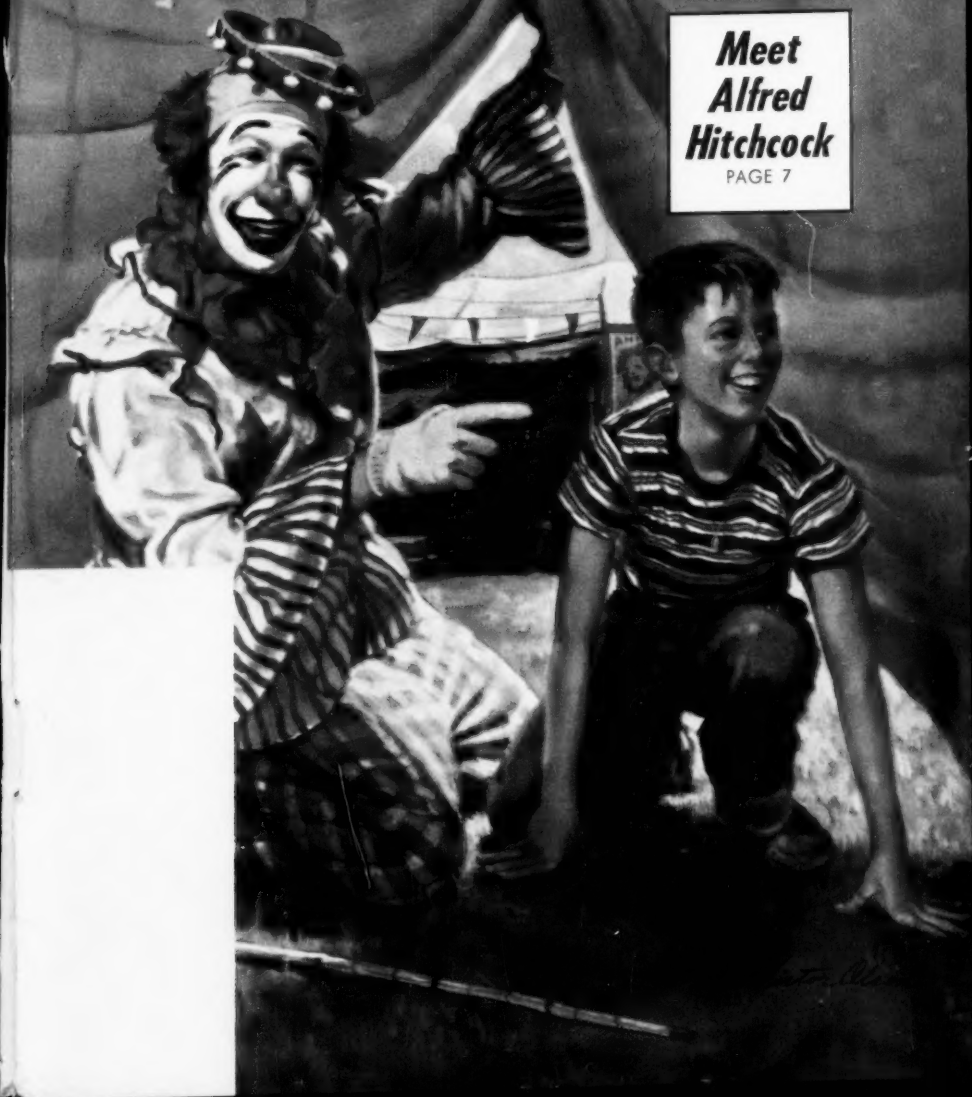
Catholic Digest

AUGUST 1957

35c

**Meet
Alfred
Hitchcock**

PAGE 7



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"All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chapter 4).

This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book, newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Of course, this does not mean approval of the "entire source" but only of what is published.

You and Your School Board

*Catholic educational systems
can use the talents of the laity*

MUCH OF THE American history of the Catholic Church in the 19th century was taken up with the bitter controversy over trusteeism. Many bishops had long struggled to defend their authority against persons who wanted Catholic parishes to be, like Protestant churches, under control of their congregations, even to the hiring and firing of priests.

Trusteeism is no longer a problem, but it has left a legacy which has been hard to be rid of, the fear of entrusting to the laity a proper share in the work of the Church. The time is ripe to give laymen a greater measure of responsibility, particularly in Catholic elementary and secondary education.

The position of the Catholic laity has changed during the last 100 years. A century ago, Catholics were almost entirely laborers, recent immigrants from Europe. The average Catholic had neither the education nor ambition to share in the work of the Church—apart from his contribution to the collection.

Today, Catholics can be found in all areas of political, business, and professional life. Graduates of Catholic colleges number several hundred thousand. Many have the same inclination as their fellow citizens to contribute their services for the improvement of society through Church, school, social work or politics. From the pulpit and the Catholic press they have heard the call to Catholic Action, even though the meaning may still be vague to them. It may no longer be said that Catholic laymen lack training for a greater share in the work of the Church in education.

Our schools have changed in the last 100 years, too. Operation of a school is much more complex. Most schools are in the food business, operating lunchrooms. Transportation of pupils is a must in many areas. Insurance, hospital care, social security, income-tax deductions

Monsignor Ryan is superintendent of schools in the Archdiocese of Cincinnati.

^{*§} 53 Park Place, New York City 7. May, 1957. © 1957 by Joseph F. Wagner, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

require considerable bookkeeping. The modern large high school presents great problems of administration, finance, maintenance, accreditation, and public relations.

These problems call for specific knowledge and training, some of which lie within the competence of the laity rather than the clergy. The problems take from the clergy time which could be devoted to more important duties.

In any diocese, the bishop is the supreme ruler, and on the parish level the pastor is the final authority. If, however, laymen are merely "to do what they are told," we can hardly expect competent persons to volunteer services. Their qualifications and judgment must be respected, and they must have a real part in making decisions and setting policies.

Only five dioceses now have lay persons on their diocesan school boards. The New Orleans archdiocesan board seems to be the most active one. It consists of eight priests (including the archbishop); a physician, a lawyer, a juvenile-court judge, a Negro professor from Xavier university; and four women, two mothers and two teachers.

The New Orleans school board studies problems like these: high-school fraternities and sororities; desegregation in Catholic schools; money campaigns and drives in Catholic schools; the diocesan *Handbook of Policies*; the possibilities of establishing new high schools for

girls; pupil-insurance policies; determining which agencies would be entitled to raise money in the schools; scholarships for potential lay teachers; salaries for Religious teachers.

Simply listing the problems studied by this diocesan school board shows the areas in which laymen have a contribution to make. The bishop alone, even with the help of priest advisors, cannot be expected to be informed adequately on all the problems that affect a Catholic school system, even in a moderately large diocese.

The trend today is toward larger central high schools serving a group of parishes. At least nine dioceses have laymen on central-high-school boards. Msgr. Jerome Murray, superintendent of schools for the Lincoln, Neb., diocese, says, "Lay persons can be of great use on a board. When we decided to build a new central high school, the laymen were of more help than the pastors; they knew more about land, the cost, more about building contractors and contracts."

Laymen can help even more at the parish level. One old parish, which I'll call St. John's, had never had more than 60 families. It had no school. Then, 15 years ago, a military post was established near the town. At present, the parish contains 550 families and it is still growing, even though the military families are constantly coming and going. How St. John's got its school

can best be told by some excerpts from a letter written by the pastor.

"It did not seem possible that a floating population would sacrifice for a parish program. These people, who did not consider this town their home, strongly desired a parochial school. Yet their desire to protect their pocketbook was even stronger than their desire to have a school.

"After struggling with the problem for about two years, the pastor, in desperation, presented the problem to a group of 30 men. By this time the giving record was sufficient to maintain an eight-grade school but not sufficient to pay off any of the indebtedness that would have to be incurred in building. The men were delighted to have the problem thrown into their laps, and were in unanimous agreement that the priest should not have to worry about the finances.

"It was not long until the men sought permission to engage a professional fund-raising concern to help them solve the problem. The archbishop consented, and in a few weeks an intensive canvass was under way. The entire parish was covered within five days.

"The pledges rolled in, but the most encouraging thing was the interest the men were taking in the families they visited. In the course of seeking church support they heard individuals discuss their spiritual problems: invalid marriages, lapsed Catholics, non-Catholic part-

ner refusing to keep the promises.

"These same men could not have been induced to visit John Jones and talk over his spiritual problem. After it had been presented to them, however, they dropped the financial talk and concentrated on the spiritual problem.

"One canvasser refused to take a substantial pledge from one family until the marriage was rectified. This canvasser visited that family five times, and within six weeks the marriage was validated and the pledge received. These people had never met before.

"Missionary work is still continuing. The parish advisors, six men, have access to the giving record of all the people. In the event that any family is not reasonable in Church support they find some way to approach the family in order to discuss the parish problems. This approach has raised parish income from \$800 a week to \$2,000 a week.

"The men visit lapsed Catholics. They visit those involved in impossible invalid marriages with the hope of getting them to attend Mass and to take care of the spiritual welfare of the children. They visit those in invalid marriages that can be rectified, with the hope of showing them the error of their ways.

"The men give instructions, either in the home or after Sunday Mass, to children attending public school."

The zeal of St. John's laity will continue as long as the men are told

that they are needed and are appraised of the problems with which the priest is confronted in the operation of the parish. The men who take to this type of work will never cause the pastor any trouble. Indeed they will be his staunchest supporters.

One problem of school administration that the laity can help solve is that of finances. As the cost of public education rises, so will the cost of Catholic education. When parishioners are asked to make even greater sacrifices for our schools, many will tend to ask themselves whether they are getting full value for their money. They will do this not in a spirit of faultfinding, but fact-finding. Competent lay persons who are aware of the school's problems and administrative practices can help the pastor reassure his parishioners.

Hiring lay teachers is another problem. There aren't enough Sisters to staff our schools. Many Catholic lay teachers would prefer to teach in our schools, even at a financial sacrifice. On the other hand, they are entitled to an adequate salary, tenure, and some provision for retirement. Perhaps this is too expensive, but before we write it off as impossible, we should allow

competent members of the laity to study the problem.

We also have a public-relations problem. The growth of Catholic schools has aroused apprehension on the part of some people. Laymen can help spread good will toward our schools; but to do this effectively, they must have a much better knowledge of our schools.

The layman also has a distinct advantage over a priest in dealing with public boards of education. The priest speaks in the name of the Church, which in the minds of many non-Catholics should be restricted rather than helped. The layman can speak to them as to neighbors and fellow citizens, on behalf of his children rather than the Church.

The academic program of the school must obviously be under control of the school authorities. But there are many aspects of operating a school or educational system in which the services of competent professional and technically trained laymen could be used. In view of the ever-increasing pressures brought to bear on our schools, we should organize for optimum use all our resources, not the least of which are the extensive and varied talents of our lay people.

★

STANDARD EQUIPMENT

Our Terry, aged four, is the only redhead in a family of six brunettes. As we were leaving church one Sunday, Father Casey called out playfully, "Tell me, Terry, where on earth did you get that red hair?"

"It came with my head," was her laconic reply.

S.M.M.

By Kay Sullivan
Condensed from "Columbia"*



Alfred Hitchcock Makes Crime Pay

*His success with stories
of evil proves we're all
afraid of the big bad wolf*

ALFRED HITCHCOCK, moving-picture and television director, recently revealed that much of his fan mail comes from proud parents who think their new babies look just like him. It just goes to show how unreliable appearances can be.

True, Mr. Hitchcock does have the round-eyed, tolerant look of an infant just introduced to the world. He also has the well-fed baby's double chin, the roly-poly cheeks, the petulant underlip. And his shadow cast on any wall bears a marked resemblance to that of a tubby toddler. (Well, maybe two tubby toddlers.) But there the similarity ends.

Alfred Hitchcock is the world's undisputed master of terror and suspense. For more than a quarter

of a century he has been turning out enthralling films dealing with murder and assorted other crimes. It has been said of him that he can make a shrunken head as homey as an egg beater, and a baby carriage more deadly than a time bomb.

Occasionally, he frets a little about being typed as a chronicler of crime. "If I were to make a movie of Cinderella, my audience would expect to find a body in the coach," he says sadly.

Nonetheless, he plans to stick to skulduggery. Not only has it made him a rich man. It has permitted him to indulge in his favorite hobby, globe-trotting. His movie locations are likely to be wherever Hitchcock yearns to travel. Thus his American fans have been treated to mayhem committed in such far-flung places as Rio de Janeiro, Switzerland, Australia, the French

*Columbus Plaza, New Haven 7, Conn. June, 1957. © 1957 by the Knights of Columbus, and reprinted with permission.

Riviera, and Holland. And such nearer-to-home spots as Vermont, Greenwich Village, and Santa Rosa, Calif.

After 46 films and 37 years in the movie business, Hitchcock is one of the two directors (Cecil B. DeMille is the other) whose name is as important on a theater marquee as the star's. He is known everywhere. Once, in Sweden, he phoned a Stockholm restaurant to reserve a table for an after-theater dinner. When he got there, he found that the proprietor not only had given him the best table in the house but had prepared a special centerpiece in his honor: a basketful of candies shaped like daggers, guns, and poison bottles.

During a trip to the Orient, he opened a newspaper and found a large headline: "Master of Suspense Arrives in Hong Kong." While admiring the Taj Mahal in India, he noticed that other tourists were besieged by a couple of little boys asking for pennies. But when the boys got to him they politely requested his autograph.

Ever since he took to TV (*Alfred Hitchcock Presents*, Sunday evening on CBS) he's not safe even in his favorite supermarket.

"Hy ya, Alf," people call out. Sometimes they sneak up behind him, and whisper, "Where's the body?" or "Wanna bury a gun?"

Hitchcock doesn't mind the whispers, but he does resent the Alf. All his life he's been called Hitch,

and he prefers it as a nickname.

Hitchcock's television introductions and farewells are uniquely whimsical. He may be toying with a skull. Or he may appear with a dagger in his back. Once he was stretched out on a psychiatrist's couch. His monologue is likely to be outrageously funny, most frequently at the expense of his sponsor, Bristol-Myers.

"When I was a young man I had an uncle who took me out to dinner and talked constantly about himself all through the meal," Hitchcock will say solemnly. "I listened carefully, because, after all, he was paying. I don't know why I am reminded of this, but we are about to have the commercial."

Or he may come on screen blinking owlishly, and say in an excessively polite voice, "Before I say good night, my sponsor would like to bring you an important message. I won't say to whom it is important"

Bristol-Myers apparently doesn't mind the spoofing at all. They've signed Hitchcock up for more of the same to continue through September, 1958. And he will also start a new series of hour-long mystery shows for NBC this fall.

"Of course I've been something of a ham at heart for years," Hitchcock admits. "I've always made it my business to sneak into my own pictures."

Catching sight of Hitchcock in his films has become a challenging

sport for movie-goers. In spite of his striking shape, spotting him isn't always easy. Sometimes he's a face in a window, or a bus passenger, or a passer-by under an umbrella. Once, in *Lifeboat*, a drama with a cast limited to Tallulah Bankhead and eight others adrift at sea, his fans thought he must be licked. But Hitchcock solved the problem by posing for a before-and-after diet ad in a newspaper which one of the castaways picked up.

Hitchcock doesn't object to taking part in outright shenanigans to publicize his TV shows. Not long ago, he was host at a "haunted house" party in an old Manhattan mansion. As the guests (most of them newspaper, magazine, and TV editors) arrived, Hitchcock met them at the door and solemnly handed each a lily. A butler politely remarked, "Drop dead!" to each guest, and then guided him upstairs. A coffin stood at one side of the room where the party was held; in it was an effigy of Hitchcock. The host later said that the party was a deadly success.

Alfred Hitchcock was born in London in 1900, the son of a prosperous poultry dealer. (I've never eaten an egg in my life," says he. "To me an egg is a sinister thing.") As a child he had two preoccupations. One was travel. By the time he was eight, he had ridden to the end of every bus line in London. The other was the sea. He spent a great deal of his spare time sticking

pins into a map of the world to mark the routes of every ship in the British Merchant Marine.

While he was still very young, an event occurred that was to mark his life. His father, a strict disciplinarian, sent him to the local police station with a note, asking the police chief to clap Alfred in jail for five minutes so that he could see what happened to naughty boys. Alfred never got over it.

"Psychiatrists say that if you trace a phobia to its origin, you release it," says Hitchcock. "But not for me. I'm still deathly afraid of policemen. The sound of a police siren makes me ill."

Hitchcock went to Jesuit schools as a boy. In fact, he attributes his eye for detail to the training he received from the priests who were in charge of his education at St. Ignatius college in London. At the University of London he studied art and engineering. At 20, he used his knowledge of art to get a job with the Famous Players-Lasky studio in London. He was hired to design movie subtitles.

"A picture of a candle burning brightly at both ends would be flashed on the screen. Underneath it would be the words, 'He led a fast life,'" recalls Hitchcock. "That was a sample of my handiwork. I couldn't have been prouder."

By the time he was 25, Hitch had gone through just about every job the studio could offer, and had mastered them all. The only opportuni-

ty left was for him to become a director. But his first picture, a film version of Marie Belloc Lowndes' chilling Jack-the-Ripper novel, *The Lodger*, was so offbeat that the studio shelved it for three months. When finally released, it was an overnight sensation. Critics hailed it as a masterpiece. Hitchcock was made. He plunged into a series of brilliant mystery films: *The 39 Steps*, *The Lady Vanishes*, *Woman Alone*, *Sabotage*.

Then Hollywood crooked a finger, and Hitchcock, who called himself an Americophile, hurried over. (He has since become an American citizen, and says he "now can realize a lifelong ambition and be an Anglophile as well.") His very first American film, *Rebecca*, won the Academy award for the best picture of 1939. And he has continued to turn out first-rate thrillers; *Foreign Correspondent*, *Suspicion*, *Shadow of a Doubt*, *Spellbound*, *Notorious*, *Stage Fright*, *Strangers on a Train*, *Dial M for Murder*, *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, and *Wrong Man*.

"Of course, you mustn't forget that I married my boss," says Hitchcock in reviewing his success. "That helped a lot."

His "boss," Alma Hitchcock, is a petite, pretty woman of great charm and great good sense. When they were married in 1929, she was chief film editor at the studio where Hitchcock worked. She still works very closely with him on all his pic-

tures, discussing casting, plot, and editing with him.

The Hitchcocks have one daughter, actress Patricia, who has performed in many of her famous father's productions. But he claims the greatest thrill she has given him was to make him a grandfather. Patricia is married to lawyer Joseph O'Connell, grandnephew of the late Cardinal O'Connell of Boston. The O'Connells have two little girls: Mary, 3½, and Terry, 2.

Watching Hitchcock make a movie is like watching a hobbyist putting a ship into a bottle. He is the most painstaking director in the business. A shooting script will take him eight to 12 weeks to block out. He winds up with some 600 carefully diagrammed "takes," all drawn in his own hand. (An average director starts shooting a movie with 50 or 60 completed takes.) He never has to look through a camera. In fact, so sure is he of his story, angles, lighting, and results that he requires only one camera on a scene where other directors might have five.

On the set, he never speaks harshly to those around him, although he secretly gets very impatient with any display of temperament or egotism. His sets are as quiet as a hospital street. Rarely does he speak above a whisper.

"We try not to use all our drama on the set," he explains. "We like to get it into the picture."

Hitchcock prefers to work with

top box-office stars. But he can spot and develop talent, too. Joan Fontaine was practically unknown until he put her into *Rebecca*. He helped develop Ingrid Bergman in *Spellbound* and *Notorious*. A more recent protégée of his is Vera Miles.

Hitchcock insists that he has no trade secrets. "To hold an audience's attention, all you need is a good story, which you must present with clarity," he says. "Fuzziness is fatal. The highest tension can be generated when ordinary, everyday people stumble into situations loaded with menace. I keep my audience fully informed of the menace at all times, even though the actors may not be aware of it."

It is a mark of Hitchcock's genius that whenever the tension gets unbearable, he leavens it with a dash of humor. It is a mark of the same genius that he is able to handle horror and brutality in his pictures without ever actually offending the public.

"Hitchcock once told me that he never lets his characters do what they are talking about or talk about what they are doing," says writer James Allardice, one of his TV associates. "He detaches them from themselves and keeps things from getting too sticky."

The master will go to any lengths to assure an effect he wants. He thinks nothing of transporting an actor halfway around the world for five minutes of screen time, if the face is right. He once brought over

a French actor to play a menacing trigger man in *The Man Who Knew Too Much*.

"I needed a face so threatening, so evil, that the audience couldn't forget it, even though they caught only the briefest glimpse of it," explains Hitchcock. "This sort of thing is fine for the audience, but very tough on the actors. They always ask, 'When are you going to use me again?' and I'm forced to reply, 'Probably never.'"

In real life, Hitchcock is a "cozy man, given to puns, good food and cigars." At least, that's the way daughter Pat describes him.

"My father is a man of intense devotion to his family," she says. "He dearly loves my mother. Lots of times he goes shopping by himself for clothes for her or things for the house, and they're always perfect."

The Hitchcocks have two homes, a New England-type farmhouse in Bel Air near Hollywood and a 200-acre farm in the Santa Cruz mountains overlooking Monterey bay. In either place, Hitchcock does his best to avoid strenuous exercise.

"Dad doesn't play golf, tennis, or croquet," says Pat. "He doesn't fish, or even play scrabble! He's the world's unbeatable 'loller.'"

Hitchcock has even designed an outfit just to loll in. It's a coverall of heavy black brocaded silk with deep-cut lapels. Otherwise, Hitchcock is not overly concerned with

clothes, though he does have several complete wardrobes to match his fluctuating weight. At times, he has hit the scale at 300, but currently is well below 200, since two serious operations last spring.

"I am not exactly a heavy eater," claims Hitchcock. "Unless you mean that I am heavy and that I eat."

His will power is extraordinary. Once he went on a diet: for a whole year he had black coffee for breakfast, and nothing but a piece of meat for lunch and dinner. Although he loves cigars passionately, he limits himself to two a day.

Two other unexpected sides of the Hitchcock personality are his whistling and his sentimentality. He plays no musical instrument, but can (and constantly does) whistle practically any classical symphony from start to end. And every year he and Alma go to San Moritz, where they spent their honeymoon in 1929.

"I sit in the hotel room where it's nice and warm, and look out at the Alps," says Hitchcock. "You'd never get me outside on them. Too cold. And too dangerous." But he wouldn't think of missing that sentimental journey each year.

Hitchcock never watches other

men's mysteries in movies or on television. "I'm not much for busmen's holidays," he explains. "Early in my career, I was afraid either to see other mystery movies or to read mystery stories because of the possibility of unconscious plagiarism. Besides, I have never seemed to have the time."

He has a pet daydream: he yearns to make a movie concluding with a tremendous chase across the great stone faces carved on Mt. Rushmore in South Dakota.

"I'd have the villain hiding in Lincoln's nostril, the hero climbing over Teddy Roosevelt's eyebrows, and the police closing in from Washington's chin," says Hitch, his eyes ablaze with anticipation. "And another picture I'll make someday will be all about a body coming off an assembly line in Detroit."

This from a man who winces at the sight of a cut finger, and who once, at a bullfight, had to get up and leave before the bull even came out, so disturbed was he at the thought of bloodshed.

"Well, we're all children at heart," Hitchcock says. "We're all afraid of the Big Bad Wolf. We all enjoy being frightened, as long as we know the wolf can't get *us*. I'm sort of a partner to the wolf."



It isn't so difficult to give up smoking. Some people do it three and four times a year.

Charles Ruffing.

As Boy Meets Girl

*Of course, you don't intend
to marry the guy, but . . .*

PRESENT-DAY dating practices are putting entirely too much strain upon parents.

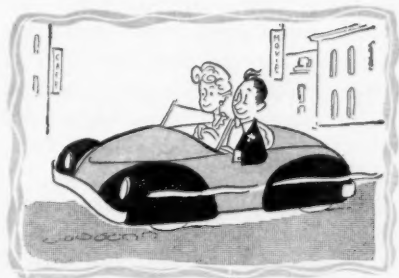
"Why can't I go out with Johnny? I know he's non-Catholic, but after all, we're not going to marry!"

"Why can't I go on a date? I'm 14. Other kids have dates when they are still in grammar school."

"Do you think I'm old enough to go steady? At my age (16) it's hard to have to hunt around for a different girl every Saturday night!"

A parent with teen-agers cannot but long for the good old days when dating was strictly for grownups; when kids did not drive cars; when a teen-aged girl was always at home "after dark"; when a kiss meant a promise of marriage; when boy and girl friends were chosen from among one's own neighbors. The parent may even wish for the long-forgotten custom of unmarried women never being without a chaperone.

I am not arguing for revival of old-fashioned customs. I am only complaining that we have no new customs to replace them. There is



no customary time at which teen-agers should get home from a date. There is no approximate age set when youngsters should start dating. It is not a question of criticizing the narrowness or the broadness of the limits. There are no limits.

Today's dating practices may baffle parents, but I feel very strongly that the problem is an even greater one for our youngsters. It is hard for them to protect themselves against a danger the nature of which they do not know. The dangers in dating, courting, and hasty marriages cannot be learned by hearsay. That is why courting customs are so important.

*Notre Dame, Ind. April 20, 1957. © 1957 by the Ave Maria Press, and reprinted with permission.

Two facts are clear. Christianity is here to stay, and courting is here to stay. Therefore, there should be a Christian approach to the dating problem.

The biggest difficulty in trying to establish a set of customs surrounding sexual behavior is today's complete bewilderment about sex itself. The Catholic-minded person, in this matter, finds himself squeezed between two sentimentalists: the prude and the libertine. These two make up groups that constitute a large bulk of the population; and neither has a recognizable theory about sex. All they have are strong reactions to it.

Catholics find themselves well-nigh alone in knowing what it is all about. The Catholic theory of sex, based upon a knowledge of human nature, incorporates such factors as these: sexual intercourse is exclusively a marital function; any abuse of sexual privileges and appetites is a threat to the institution of marriage; all behavior between the sexes should be regulated by customs that will safeguard the virginity of the unmarried and the fidelity of the married.

But when Catholics proclaim sound sex principles they are accused of "imposing religious beliefs." The fact that most contemporaries, having no theory whatever, act irrationally puts us in the strange position of having to create our own customs while surrounded by anarchy.

There is a purpose and a cause-and-effect relationship between all sexual practices. The ultimate purpose of marriage is to beget children. The ultimate purpose of engagement is to get married. The ultimate purpose of dating is to find a partner for marriage. This is the chain of cause and effect.

It is hard for young folks to realize that very few people intend marriage when they start dating. Yet, every marriage follows a first date. We parents can see this fact plainly. Young folks can't see it at all.

Boys and girls must learn to trust their parents' judgment concerning the possibility that dating will end up in marriage, and act accordingly. When you date, you must face the fact that marriage might be the ultimate result. A second or third date makes the likelihood even greater. Marriage is an expected, normal consequence of dating. Any youngster who will not face this fact is simply too young to be dating.

At first, it sounds altogether innocent for boys or girls to say about their dates, "Who's thinking about marriage?" This is unfortunate, because hasty marriages are probably the least of all dangers risked in habitual dating.

Habitual dating puts the Catholic youth into a whirl of utterly irresponsible practices. Some of the practices are known as "running around," "petting," "going steady,"

and "having a ball." These are practices as distinct from customs. A custom springs from a theory of life. It is a widely thought-out way of doing things. A practice is a habit fallen into by a person who does not particularly know what he is doing.

"Running around" is the habit of endlessly taking part in boy-girl affairs, night after night and week after week. It is dangerous because it is without purpose; the head is ignored while heart and glands are allowed to romp. At any one point on this merry-go-round, everything may be quite innocent. A boy or girl may even go through years of such activity without any apparent trouble. Inevitably, though, the youth who runs around is really squandering the best years of his life.

People remark, "Enjoy your youth while you have it!" But if you don't work at becoming a competent adult during your teens, it is unlikely that you will ever be competent or adult. The energy and enthusiasm that makes a person "run around" is the same stuff of which genius and sanctity are made.

"Petting" is a happy, carefree, childish playing with adult things. "Petting," properly understood, is a preliminary to sexual intercourse and for that reason belongs to marriage.

"Going steady" is a childish playing at marriage. No one should expect a girl or boy friend to become

personal property even though it is convenient to have one's own escort for dancing, skating, and other social affairs.

Both youth and their parents must keep this in mind: courting is not for children. Once begun, it is a situation over which parents have no control and, therefore, no responsibility apart from advisory. Youth should be made aware of two facts: 1. that they are doing something adult in which they must make the decisions and live with the consequences; 2. that they should ask for and welcome advice from parents.

The ideal situation is that in which parents meet, know, and discuss their youngsters' friends, as a regular part of family routine. Thus, parents are in daily touch with what is going on. This ideal situation is possible only where an intimate affection already exists between parents and children.

Often, a youth prefers to confide in an adult other than his own parent. This attitude is good. Under an old European custom, godparents became advisors and confidants of their youthful godchildren. Young people often fear, with good reason, that their parents will treat them as babies.

Trust your children during the courting stage. Parents often trans-

Reprints of the article here condensed are available from the Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind., at \$32.50 per 1,000, \$3.75 per 100, and 5¢ per single copy.

fer their own uncertainties to a youth just at the time when that youth must make his first adult decisions. Young people tend to be cocky or shy to compensate for lack of experience. A parent must see through this sham and yet generate a sense of trust to lend courage to the newly adult.

Young people have natural safeguards against indiscretions, a sense of shame and self-containment. We can also presume that they have graces sufficient to their temptations.

The middle-aged are inclined to underestimate the idealism of youth. I would say that a proper nurturing of this youthful idealism is the key to successful courtship. Young people have, generally, a far greater capacity for greatness than older people. Young people are considerably more "serious" than their elders. The practiced cynicisms of youth are merely shells of protection behind which they hide their serious idealism. Perhaps at no time in life is it so easy to desire sanctity or great personal achievement.

This youthful idealism is precious and a more than adequate antidote to the poisonous secularism surrounding us. Because it is, the growing custom of solemn engagements should be encouraged. If engagements are made public, festive religious occasions, a new monument on the road to marriage can be built in what is now a desert of purposeless running around.

The solemn engagement can be followed by a preparation-for-marriage course. The couples in a parish could become a nucleus around which all boy-girl affairs can be built. Here we have a skeleton frame for a whole new set of courting customs which will be clothed with idealism, festivity, and an awareness of the sacredness of marriage.

It is possible for youth to aspire to holy Matrimony. They are able to look upon family, children, home, and parenthood as something great. If we parents have lost our idealism, let's not rob them of theirs!



AIRLIFT

During the 2nd World War, an American fighter pilot was forced to bail out over North Africa. As he parachuted down, he was amazed to see another man who seemed to be parachuting up.

"Hi there!" he shouted. "What's happening to you?"

"It's all right, man," came the reply. "Mine's a tent. It's windy down below."

Senior Scholastic (19 April '57).

By Jack Lewis
*Condensed from "Car Life"**

America's First Superhighway

Power-packed machines roared down its straightaways at speeds of up to 39 mph

NEAR LONG ISLAND'S Grand Central parkway there is a narrow ribbon of concrete little wider than a city sidewalk. It is only a bicycle path today, but once it was an engineering marvel, the first highway designed especially for automobiles.

Construction of the 45-mile Motor parkway was first proposed in 1902. It would begin five miles inside the New York City limits and run eastward, providing exits at Bay-side, Mineola, Massapequa, Bethpage, Deer Park, Brentwood, Islip, and would end at Lake Ronkonkoma. The parkway would feature banked turns and filling stations and would be unique in the respect that it would be the first auto road in America!

The plan was a bold one, and stirred up considerable public interest. It was also controversial. The super road, it seemed, was not for John Q. Public. It had been designed by, and for, a handful of Long Island millionaires.

But car owners in 1902 were a minority group. Furthermore, the



idea was still on paper. So those outlanders who did own horseless carriages shrugged their shoulders and went back to touring the rutted 19th-century wagon roads.

Four years went by, accompanied by occasional news flares concerning the first auto road. Then in 1906, in the offices of 28-year-old William K. Vanderbilt, son of the New York Central railroad pioneer, the final paper work was finished.

It hadn't been easy. This was something new. To build a highway meant titles to clear, many from farmers who were reluctant

*America's Family Auto Magazine, 41 E. 42nd St., New York City 17. January, 1957. © 1957 by Motor Publications, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

to part with a mere 100-foot strip of property. In some instances, entire farms had to be bought.

But there were things that worked in young Vanderbilt's favor, too. He had maneuvered a deal whereby the bulk of the road could be run over an abandoned New York Central railroad spur.

Actual work on the first auto road in America was begun in the spring of 1908. And it is a tribute to private enterprise that four months later a nine-mile strip between Meadowbrook and Bethpage was completed. It was everything young Vanderbilt had hoped for; a smooth concrete ribbon, with banked turns that varied in width from 16 to 22 feet, unhampered by cross traffic.

Just two months after the first nine miles were completed Vanderbilt ran the first of the Vanderbilt Cup races across his superhighway. The affair merited world-wide press coverage. Newspapers described the race as "a thrill-packed spectacle featuring power-packed machines that swooped off the banked turns and roared down the straightaways at speeds of up to 39 miles an hour!"

After the race, Vanderbilt ordered work resumed on the unfinished 36 miles. Three years later, in 1911, the road was completed. It was thrown open to the public in 1912. Well, not quite thrown open. It became a toll road.

The original toll was \$2, which entitled the user to a one-way trip

over 45 miles of undisputed right-of-way. It was a motorist's dream come true. The trip, which many old-timers remember nostalgically, took about an hour-and-a-half. The scenic route was the last word in highway luxury.

But \$2 could buy a lot in 1912. The traffic on the new Motor parkway remained light, and the highway began to go into the red. In 1913 the fee was reduced to \$1.50. In 1917 it was cut to \$1. Finally, in 1933, it was cut, in desperation, to 40¢.

In 1937, Vanderbilt threw in the sponge. He donated all but a small portion of the Motor parkway to the Long Island State Parkway commission. Soon, much of what was once Vanderbilt's private road was widened, repaired, and then opened to the public.

But to this day, a portion of America's very first superhighway remains. It is the final two miles at the western end, and it runs just a stone's throw away from Long Island's teeming Grand Central parkway. Though closed to automobiles since the great depression, it is readily accessible to bicycle riders, many of whom probably believe it to be part of the winding sidewalk of near-by Alley Pond park. Here where crows caw at trespassers and squirrels munch at grass growing through the broken concrete, you can still bicycle along the beginning of America's great network of superhighways.

By Ralph Reppert
Condensed from the
Baltimore "Sunday Sun"*

What's Under Our Porch?

*If little Agatha is right, we
may have a busy evening*

I DIDN'T PAY MUCH attention when my five-year-old daughter Agatha told us at lunch about chasing the devil under the porch. When Agatha gets into one of her chatty spells she goes on and on, often for a whole day at a time, and you have to listen pretty fast to keep up with whatever she is talking about.

Besides, the little adventure involving the devil was only one of many she told about. She had been telling us how she and Shalimar Feeny, the kid from next door, had watched George Peeble plant some ice cubes. Then they wandered over to see Mrs. Boufner, who was putting salad dressing on her rubber plant.

Later they watched Ethel Dinger wash and iron some money for a while, and then they stopped to talk to Spin Winkler while he was giving his goldfish some grape juice. They made another stop to see Mrs. Furbee, who was polishing her light bulbs, and she told



them to come back and visit some other time when she wasn't tied up.

So they cut across Mrs. Furbee's garden and headed for our house, and that, said Agatha, was when they saw the devil walking across the lawn. They picked up sticks and chased him under the porch where we keep the lawn mower and slammed the door and put a stick in the hasp so he couldn't get out.

As I told my wife, you can't give much credence to what children tell you when they move into their make-believe phase. I remember when Cuthbert went through it. Once he told the whole neighborhood we were rich. Another time he bragged all over school

*Baltimore and Charles Sts., Baltimore 3, Md. May 5, 1957. © 1957 by A. S. Abell Co., and reprinted with permission.

that his mother wrestled on television and that his father had a car with a bathroom in it.

I don't suppose I would have given Agatha's imaginative ramblings another thought if I hadn't gone over to Spin Winkler's this afternoon to borrow a cup of vermouth. The first thing I noticed was that Spin's goldfish were swimming around in an aquarium full of grape juice.

At least it looked like grape juice. Spin said he dropped a few potassium permanganate crystals into the aquarium every few months to kill off the excess algae. When the purple color fades away, Spin says, green aquarium water is a lot less green.

I ran into Ethel Dinger on the way home and kidded her about Agatha's having watched her wash and iron her money. Ethel laughed and said she hadn't actually washed the money. She just sponged it off and ironed it. She's sending birthday cards to twin nieces up in Altoona, she said, and she always likes to put a crisp new \$1 bill into each envelope. She didn't have any new \$1 bills, so she got the cleanest ones she could find and touched them up the best she could.

When I left Ethel I went right over to Mrs. Boufner's and asked her point-blank if it was true about her putting salad dressing on her rubber plant. She said she didn't even own a rubber plant. I heaved

a sigh of relief and was leaving when Mrs. Boufner said she did, however, have an aspidistra, and that she had sprinkled some salad oil on a piece of cheesecloth this morning and shined up its leaves, and would I like to go into the living room and take a look at it?

I didn't waste any more time walking around the neighborhood. I called up George Peeble and asked him what was this I heard about him planting ice cubes?

I won't repeat the whole conversation, because George is what you might call a thorough conversationalist. You ask him how the tomatoes or the parsley or anything else in his garden is doing, and he'll start off by telling you about Luther Burbank's boyhood.

Suffice it to say that George *had* planted some ice cubes, in an effort to outsmart some hollyhocks. Hollyhocks, George says, are perennials and perennials don't bloom until the second year after planting. But somebody had told him that by freezing hollyhock seeds in ice cubes and then planting the cubes, you can kid the hollyhocks into thinking they've already spent one winter in the ground, which will make them bloom like crazy the first year. It didn't sound entirely honest to me, but I didn't linger to discuss it any further.

I called up Mrs. Furbee. She hadn't really been polishing a light bulb, she told me, but that was a pretty good observation for

a child to make, just the same. She was straightening out some wrinkled old veils for some hats she was fixing up; so she took the shade off a lamp, let the lamp burn until the bulb got hot, and then stretched the veils taut and pulled them across the bulb. A hot bulb makes a fine little pressing machine for veils, she said.

I hung up on Mrs. Furbee, and since then I've been trying to reason out a logical and sensible step to take next. The tall tale about Agatha and Shalimar chasing the devil under the porch is utterly and wildly absurd, I know.

And yet, after that business of the goldfish in the grape juice and the salad dressing on the rubber plant and all, I've got a horrible suspicion that there is something rather special under our porch, after all.

So I guess the only thing to do is to hunt up the flashlight and a stout hoe handle, and then get George Peeble and Spin Winkler and maybe a few more neighbors to stand by while I open the door.

And I don't suppose it would hurt to load up the camera and call the fire department, just in case.

» » « «

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

In a Washington, D.C., bakery: "Today's special—Cake 66¢. Upside Down Cake 99¢."
The American Weekly (16 Sept. '56).

In an Indianapolis, Ind., laundry: "Wanted—Customers. No Experience Necessary."
Canton Repository (7 Nov. '57).

In a West Los Angeles, Calif., used-car lot: "No Car Over \$200—And Up."
Art Ryan in the *Los Angeles Times* (12 March '57).

On a street in downtown Vancouver, B.C.: "It's better to sit tight than to drive that way."
AP (29 April '57).

In a Chicago, Ill., lunchroom: "Our Tongue Sandwiches Speak For Themselves."
Raymond C. Otto.

On the window of an electrical appliance store in Memphis, Tenn.: "Try Our Credit Plan—100% Down, No Easy Payments."
Helen Mull.

On a butchershop window in London, England: "We make sausage for Queen Elizabeth II." And on the rival shop across the street: "God Save the Queen."
Mrs. E. Marscilok.

By George Paloczi-Horvath
*Condensed from the "New Leader"***

The Case of Janos Kadar

*He carries the scars of the
communist political wars*

THE LAST TIME I saw Janos Kadar, the premier of communist Hungary, he was hurrying along a corridor in the Parliament building in Budapest. It was mid-November, 1956, and I was a member of a delegation sent by the Hungarian Writers' union to protest against the daily arrests.

Kadar had no time to receive us. He had been conferring behind closed doors with his chief of police, and when we finally caught a glimpse of him he was about to receive a Soviet "technical mission." He looked utterly played out. His deathly pale face, furrowed brow, unsteady eyes, and twitching eyelids revealed a totally exhausted man, driving himself forward only by superhuman effort. His face, once handsome but now made ugly by years of lying and self-debasement, might have inspired pity.

As I write these lines in London, I see him from the vantage point of the normal world of men. How difficult it is to describe him for this



world! How does one go about producing not the portrait of a man but a description of the process through which a decent human is made into a "great communist leader"?

It begins quite normally. A young man is driven by moral indignation to join the small illegal communist group which professes to be fighting against social injustice. The group's enthusiasm and conviction prove

George Paloczi-Horvath, a noted Hungarian historian and Marxist theoretician, was arrested in 1949, and later sentenced to 15 years of forced labor. On his release by the government of Imre Nagy in 1954, he did not rejoin the Communist party but became active in the revolution, fled after the Soviet intervention, and is now in London.

*7 E. 15th St., New York City 3. April 8, 1957. © 1957 by the American Labor Conference on International Affairs, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

contagious. He is filled with blind trust in the two or three real communists whom he comes to know. They possess calm self-assurance, vast knowledge, and the power of fanaticism.

They give him the key that opens the gate to the future: Marxist theory will make the working class invincible! He learns "Marxist thinking" before he has had an opportunity to learn how to think in general. Soon he has his own built-in mental censor which sharply rebukes him in those rare cases when his own thinking strays from the straight and narrow path of the current party line.

By the time of the 2nd World War, Janos Kadar is a member of the ten-man communist "directorate" in Budapest. The leader of the illegal party, Laszlo Rajk, is his friend and model. Rajk, a man from the working class who became an "intellectual" and a hero in Spain, is among the bravest of the brave. So is his wife. In 1943, she is arrested by the Hungarian Gestapo and tortured for weeks. Her captors do not know she is Rajk's wife. They want to know only two names: those of the communist leader and his deputy. Julia Rajk refuses to talk, and thus saves the lives of her husband and Janos Kadar.

At the end of 1944, with the Russians already besieging Budapest, the party orders Kadar to break through and establish contact with the Rus-

sians. He is successful, and meets his first Moscow-trained Hungarian party leaders, Erno Gerö, and Matyas Rakosi.

Gerö and Rakosi initiate those Hungarian communists who were not Moscow-trained in the mysteries of Stalinist leadership. The faithful party member's thinking is no longer monolithic. His private truth is now different from the public "truth," that is, from the given day's propaganda line. A deep schism has appeared between his private and his public ego.

Public opinion is replaced by the organized public lie. In private life, one behaves decently or at least tries to do so. One is loyal to one's friends and does not resort to deception, theft, slander, and murder. The public ego, however, approves all this when it is done for the welfare and happiness of future generations.

When one has moved up further in the hierarchy, one has less time for moral soul searching. A man like Kadar, first secretary of the Budapest party organization, has contact with life now only in the form of reports from subordinates, who report in the prescribed clichés of the party bureaucracy.

Kadar is now one of the popular leaders of the party, a member of the Central committee and the Politburo. He is regarded as a sociable, courageous, industrious man.

In 1948, the communists achieve absolute power in Hungary, and Kadar becomes deputy general secre-

tary. Rakosi now introduces the Soviet system. The Politburo members receive luxury autos, villas, and unlimited checkbooks. They have no bank accounts; they can draw any sum they desire from the national bank. They ride about in their huge cars, shielded by thick curtains from the curious stares of pedestrians.

During this time, the workers play a small role in the life of Comrade Kadar. The old feeling of exhilaration returns only when he visits Laszlo and Julia Rajk. A blind idealist, Rajk has preserved his old enthusiasm; this gives Kadar a certain moral underpinning.

By 1949, the party has been in power for a year. Mutual loyalty among party members is a thing of the past. The purges have begun. True, no one has been arrested yet, but Premier Rakosi has already announced that "hostile elements, which have crept into the party, must be driven out and put under lock and key." Rajk is deposed as interior minister and transferred to the unimportant post of foreign minister. His successor at the interior ministry is Janos Kadar.

Personally, the two remain good friends. In the spring, Mrs. Rajk gives birth to a son, and Kadar stands "godfather" at the Soviet-style christening ceremony. A few weeks later, Rajk is arrested. General Byelkin of the Soviet MVD is in Budapest. Dozens, then hundreds, of old-guard communists are seized.

They are described as members of the "Rajk espionage ring."

Kadar, the new interior minister, repeats constantly in speeches that his friend Rajk is a wretched spy, imperialist, and Tito agent, who started out as a spy for the Hungarian political police and later worked for the Gestapo, the French, and the Americans.

With Kadar minister of the interior, Mrs. Rajk is lying sick in the cellar of an avo (Hungarian secret police) prison; her son has been taken from her on orders from above. All of us in the adjoining cells thought for a long time that this represented the entire part played by little Laszlo Rajk's godfather in the Rajk tragedy. Years later, we learned that we had been wrong.

In 1951, Janos Kadar himself was arrested. It must have been a shock for him, but by no means a surprise. Kadar, Rakosi's confidant, had himself been responsible for the planning and direction of several "show trials." He knew that party history consisted of an endless series of such trials, great and small. The big confession trials, whereby the leadership periodically rids itself of troublesome comrades and at the same time propagates a new political line, maintain the atmosphere of terror so necessary to the Stalinist system.

Kadar knew all that, but he did not believe that he himself could fall victim after having spent so

much time sacrificing others. After his release three years later, he told the party Central committee how he had been mistreated. His torturer was Lt. Col. Vladimir Farkas, son of the defense minister and deputy secretary of the party. Farkas tore out Kadar's fingernails. "We'll beat that Politburo membership right out of you!" shouted one of Kadar's tormentors on the first day.

Early in December, 1951, I was taken from Vacs prison to AVO headquarters, where on the 11th Kadar was tried. Besides the accused, only secret police were present. I was to be the first witness. Janos Kadar and three other party officials sat on the prisoners' bench.

One of Kadar's co-defendants had been a hard-boiled, conscienceless party functionary. Now, after months of torture, his face seemed curiously humane. Another defendant, a proud old revolutionary, had become positively handsome. Kadar's face, however, was contorted. His features had a cowardly and, at the same time, wild expression.

In 1953, during the anti-Stalinist "thaw," Imre Nagy became premier of Hungary. He succeeded in releasing some 90,000 political prisoners from concentration camps and prisons. Among the first who went free, in the summer of 1954, were Kadar and his group; in the early fall I followed, along with thousands of others.

Later, we learned that after his release from prison he had visited Rajk's widow, who had also just been released. It was a shattering experience for Mrs. Rajk. Kadar told her that he was the one who, on Rakosi's orders, had made treacherous promises to induce Laszlo Rajk to make a false confession.

"Can you forgive me?" asked Kadar when he had finished.

Mrs. Rajk was silent a moment and then said, "I forgive you. My husband would have been murdered in any case. That was decided by Stalin, General Byelkin, and Rakosi. If you had refused, then the bald-headed murderer (Rakosi) would have found other willing tools."

After a pause, she added, "But can you forgive yourself? Don't reply now. There is another thing. If you want to go on living as a decent person, you must tell all Hungary and the whole world what the secret of the Rajk trial was and the role that you played in it."

Kadar seems to have still had some sort of conscience at that time. Why else would he have sought out Mrs. Rajk and confessed things to her which no one knew? But he did not have the courage to admit his deeds publicly.

In 1956, there were demands on all sides that Rakosi be called to account for the show trials and mass murders. It became clear to the party leaders that they would have to sacrifice Rakosi and some of his closer collaborators to save their

own skins. They regarded Kadar as an acceptable successor to Rakosi, an opinion in which Kadar did his best to confirm them.

Rakosi heard of the plan. At the next session of the Central committee, he noted "the unwise behavior of Comrade Kadar, who has aligned himself with the people who are today demanding punishment of all those responsible for the Rajk trial." Then he turned to an aide and asked him to turn on a tape recorder which had been set up in the room.

With amazement and horror, the committee members heard a conversation which had taken place seven years before at the headquarters of the Avo, between Laszlo Rajk and Janos Kadar. Kadar was urging Rajk, his best friend, to confess to the Avo and Byelkin's men everything they asked.

In so doing, Kadar made no attempt whatever to depict Rajk as a criminal. Indeed, he stressed repeatedly that Rajk was obviously innocent. His sole argument was that world communism urgently needed the confessions, since this was the only way to "expose" Tito.

The party did not ask Rajk to sacrifice his life, only to commit a kind of moral suicide. His execution would be announced publicly, and he, his wife, and his son would then be sent to the Crimea to recuperate. After a period of time, he would be assigned an important party post in a remote part of the

USSR under another name. The party would always be grateful to him.

Even after weeks of sleeplessness, hunger, and mistreatment, Rajk did not permit himself to be convinced at once. No one would believe, he said, that a man like him, who had belonged to the party since early youth, had worked for a half-dozen secret services, including the Gestapo.

"What do you gain by proving that I have always been a scoundrel?" asked Rajk. "If you must have a conspiracy, you can charge that I instigated a plot against Rakosi. That is also untrue, but it sounds a little more plausible."

Rajk finally promised to think Kadar's proposal over. Kadar gave his word of honor that the terms of the agreement would be carried out immediately after the trial. At this time, Mrs. Rajk was already in prison. Her son had been placed in a party nursery under a false name and his birth certificate destroyed.

As the tape was played, the Central committee members recalled the fate of Rajk and his family. Rajk had not even been given the opportunity to exchange a last word with his wife. On the very day of his execution, he still believed that the party would abide by the agreement. It had been common knowledge in Budapest that a leading officer of the Avo was later forced to commit suicide because he had made a few incautious remarks

about the agreement. Word had also gotten around that several of the other defendants cried out when they reached the gallows, "You have tricked us!"

Janos Kadar listened with downcast face. He could only assume that his political career was at an end. But then fate intervened in the person of Justice Minister Eric Molnar, who asked that the tape be played once more. This time, something apparently went wrong: the assembled officials suddenly heard the beginning of the conversation, which had been kept from them the first time.

Kadar was telling Rajk: "My dear Laci, I am coming to you on behalf of Comrade Rakosi. He asked me to explain the situation to you. Naturally, we all know that you are innocent. But Rakosi feels that you will understand our position. Only truly great comrades are suited for the role which we want to assign you. Comrade Rakosi asked me to tell you that you will be rendering the communist movement an historic service if you follow our instructions."

After these revelations, to which Rakosi listened, red with anger, any group of normal persons would have decided at once to expel Rakosi and Kadar from the party and have them arrested. But the Central committee of the Communist party is not made up of normal persons. The 50 listeners thought only of the consequences which such a course might have for

them; and a number of them had every reason to fear that they would be implicated by similar revelations.

The tape-recorder incident occurred in May, 1956. On July 18, Soviet Politburo member Anastas Mikoyan had Rakosi removed and Erno Gerö named his successor. To the general amazement, Kadar did not retire from politics. He underwent a process I would call "controlled schizophrenia," a conscious mixture of self-deception and cynicism, fanaticism and opportunism.

After Gerö's fall during the October revolution in Hungary, Kadar became general secretary of the now nonexistent Communist party. In numerous speeches, Kadar was obliged to admit publicly the crimes of the old leadership. He announced that in the future the party would base itself only on the truth.

On Oct. 30, Imre Nagy announced the victory of the revolution. His radio talk ended with the words, "Long live free, independent, and democratic Hungary!" Kadar, as a member of the Nagy government, followed with this declaration: "I hereby state unequivocally that all the members of the party presidium fully support the decisions taken by the premier. For my part, I can state that I fully approve what has been said by my friends and esteemed compatriots, Imre Nagy and Zoltan Tildy."

On Oct. 31 and Nov. 1, Kadar took part in the work of the revolutionary government. On the evening

of Nov. 1, he quietly left the Parliament building, in which all the government agencies operated during the Revolution, and took refuge with the Soviet high command. Earlier that day, a seven-man committee for the formation of a new Communist party had met under Kadar's chairmanship. Since the other six committee members were later arrested or shot, this suggests that Kadar did not receive orders from Moscow on a betrayal until after the meeting.

At 4 A.M. on Nov. 4, the Soviet troops launched their attack on Budapest. More than four hours later, at 8:15, Moscow Radio announced formation of the new Kadar government. At 8:30, it

broadcast Kadar's 15-point proclamation.

The 14th point was as follows. "The Hungarian Revolutionary Workers' and Peasants' government has, in the interest of our people, our working class, and our homeland, requested the high command of the Soviet troops to help our people to crush the dark forces of reaction and counterrevolution and to restore the socialist people's regime and peace and order in our country."

Kadar has only one interest: power. Today he is in power. And yet, in a land once more ruled by murderers and informers, there is hardly a man who would change places with Janos Kadar.

IN OUR HOUSE

I had had an unusually tough day at the office; my nerves were frayed, my temper short. I had just settled myself in an easy chair for a relaxing session with the evening paper when I heard my nine-year-old son upstairs. He was teasing his little sister and generally raising a rumpus. The weakness of human nature asserted itself, and I charged up the stairs two at a time. "Now look, son," I snapped. "I've just put in a pretty rough day downtown, and I've just got to have a little peace and quiet. How about it?"

"O.K. dad," he said in a man-to-man tone. "I see what you mean. I was half an hour late to school today, and Sister kept me after. I have to get an excuse from mother before I show up tomorrow. I hid my lunch in the cloakroom and at lunch time I couldn't find it. Emily didn't notice me all day; there's a new kid in school that's got curly red hair."

As I turned to go down the stairs, I heard a low mutter behind me. "And he thinks he's got troubles. Brother!"

J. J. Flynn.

[For similar true stories—amusing, touching, or inspiring—of incidents that occur In Our House, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

Full Credit to Author

A half-forgotten childhood prayer crossed my mind just when I was feeling neglected

I WENT TO HOLLYWOOD last winter to supervise (at least, so I thought) final rehearsals of a television play I had written. My story had appeared originally in a national magazine, and I was thrilled, and just a bit puffed up, when NBC decided to adapt my literary effort for presentation on their daily TV program *Matinee*.

Never before had I written anything for television. Indeed, this would be the first time I had so much as set foot inside a television studio. I arrived walking on tiptoe with excitement, suffused with a pleasant sense of my own importance and eagerly expectant of I knew not what.

My agent met me at the door and piloted me along innumerable corridors to the studio where the rehearsal was to be held. I expected that she would at least introduce me to the cast and the director, but at the entrance she murmured some excuse and left me flat. I felt the first little tremor of unease. Only the day before, I'd heard someone say, "Out here they sweep authors under the carpet."

Thus abandoned in the doorway,



I found myself peering into the immense void within the studio. Far away, I could see a small, brilliantly lighted area—what seemed a tiny, sunny world peopled with characters who looked familiar.

These people were, I saw with delight, living in the era I had willed them to live in, the 1890's. Gradually, with mounting pleasure I recognized each of the characters I had created.

There was Aunt Ellen, a spinster, with her red-gold, wispy hair, clad in pink-checked gingham. Grandma Pierce, fat, untidy, faded, sat clutching her bottle of elderberry wine. Jennifer, the teen-ager, was

attractively gotten up in a tiny-waisted black skirt with a white blouse that had big leg-o'-mutton sleeves; her hair was in a pompadour. Mr. Pierce, the head of the family, stood next to his ne'er-do-well brother Charlie. Near by was Betty, a small pest of a girl in blue jeans, pigtails, and horn-rimmed glasses. They and others were at the moment in a kind of suspended animation, idling there in that little patch of illumination.

It remained for me, their author, to get them going, I thought importantly. I gave a discreet cough to inform them—anyone—of my presence. No one looked in my direction. My agent seemed to be gone for good.

I entered the dark outer circle, then abruptly slowed down. A horde of scene shifters, electricians, grips, camera men, and sound-effects specialists milled around me. They were moving noiselessly about on crepe-soled shoes. (Later, I learned that 150 people were needed to present this little play of mine, with its eight characters.) Feeling in the way, I stood stock-still.

A slight sound caused me to look upward. High above me in a booth sat a man watching a monitor TV screen which caught all that went on in the bright patch below. He was the director, I found out later. All about the floor snaked a tangle of cables connected to lights, cameras, microphones, telephones, and scene-switching devices.

The setting in the lighted area represented the kitchen of the family's house in a small Iowa town. It was vividly tinted for projection in technicolor. In a gaily curtained window hung a green bird cage; inside, a canary hopped and trilled. A tall black ladder-backed rocking chair stood beside the table, which was covered by a red-checked cloth. Upon it rested a blue crock, filled with green apples. A coal cookstove had the inevitable steaming kettle. In one corner was an old-fashioned zinc sink, with a hand pump; the sink was filled with dirty dishes.

All appeared ready for the scene to begin; the characters seemed to be waiting only for me, the author, to tell them what to do.

Waiting? But they were not waiting! I stared in dismay as they began to enact the drama with no sign from me. A voice crackled from a microphone, "Aunt Ellen, make your entrance." Aunt Ellen came in. "Sit in the rocking chair." She sat. "Now rock and peel." She followed each direction. It was a few moments before I realized that the voice I heard was coming from the director's booth above.

The voice called, "More light." And there was more light. "Now, Charlie, enter behind Aunt Ellen and walk to the sink." He entered. "No, No! You're not in camera," called the voice sharply. Charlie sidled like a crab. "That's O.K. Now work the pump." Water

sloshed about over the dirty dishes.

"What's the matter, Aunt Ellen? Get on with your lines." But Aunt Ellen could not remember them. The prompter, script in hand, moved in. The assistant director hurried up; a secretary was at his heels, pad and pencil in hand. The script writer was summoned. All held an earnest confab. A woman fetched a mink coat, wrapped it solicitously around Aunt Ellen. Two fussing, anxious women hovered about the child actress, Betty, protesting that her lines were being cut too much. (They were the child's mother and grandmother.) An officer of the S.P.C.A. (as required by law) stood near the cage to protect the canary from possible cruelty. In the shadows I, the author of this whole show, looked on, unheeded. Hurt and resentment mounted in me.

Oh, I had known the feeling before! The previous summer, this very play, starring the selfsame famous actress as Aunt Ellen, had toured the eastern seaboard along the Straw Hat circuit. The New York drama critics had raved about the star, duly credited the script writers, given the director several pats on the back, but had never gotten around to mentioning the name of the original author!

Now I tried to tell myself, "The play's the thing, not the author." But my slow burn was coming to a boil.

On the set, the rehearsal was get-

ting under way again. "Move that rocking chair closer to the stove," the director was calling. Scene shifters hurried to their posts. "Cameras! Close it up." The grips moved in the monster cameras, three for black-and-white projection, one for technicolor. "Aunt Ellen, make your entrance!" She came in again, walked to the stove, lifted the lid. Red flames leaped up. "Charlie! Where are you? That's your cue," yelled the director. "This whole show is still a mess, and we have to go on live two weeks from today!"

I had an impulse to cup my hands to my mouth and shout to the technicians, "Hey, you! It was I who set all you people in motion today. It was I who gave you your jobs!" And I wanted to call out to the cast, "It was I who conceived your small, make-believe world, I who created you. I'm your author!"

But instead, I merely turned and walked back into the dark, outer circle, and sat down on a hard folding chair. There I brooded, deep in my bitter thoughts. Out of my own imagination I had created them all. They were my characters, speaking lines conceived by me, doing things I had willed them to do. "My characters, indeed!" I muttered sourly. "They seem utterly unaware of my presence. Yet everything here goes back ultimately to me. I am the author of their being."

And then it came to me. Smoothly through my mind ran a line from a prayer I hadn't thought of since

childhood. I'd often said it then. "O, my God, the Author of my being. . . ."

Now I remembered God. The Author of our small world, my small world. The Author of all us characters, good, bad, and indifferent. How often I had ignored Him, even as I was now ignored. How often I had deprived Him of his just due, of his rightful "credits."

Oddly, the thought brought me comfort. And fervently I promised that from now on, with all my heart and all my ability I should

remember Him in everything I might do, and remember his part in everything I might become.

I have no doubt that it was He, in his goodness, who saw to it that I finally received just credit for the play. On last Jan. 17, as I, with millions of others, watched that most particular television program, I heard at its close the announcer say, "Today's play, starring Billie Burke as Aunt Ellen, was the dramatization of a short story whose author was Myna Lockwood. . . ."

" . . . Whose author was God," I added, humbly and gratefully.

In Our Parish

In our parish, in a small resort town, our pastor's swift talking cost us thousands of dollars. Our church roof had been leaking for months, and there weren't enough Catholics in the town to pay for repairing it. Most of the summer tourists didn't seem to think that they owed their vacation church any support.

Then, one Sunday before Mass, a Texas oilman walked up to the pastor, and told him to send the bill for the repairs to him. That's when the pastor made his mistake. At Mass, he told his congregation too quickly, "Our prayers have been answered. The Lord has sent us succour."

The pastor is still wondering why the Texan was so huffy when withdrawing his offer.

H. Nodset.

In our parish, five-year-old Jimmy came back from kindergarten and reported, "Sister says I'm backward."

Jimmy's father, a lawyer, was up in arms. "Jimmy is left-handed," he admitted, "but I hardly think that's enough reason to call him backward." Both parents were about to descend on the school to defend their son's reputation when Jimmy picked up a pencil and proudly printed his name, M-I-J.

E. M. Flynn.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned. Ed.]

By Karl R. Beutner, M.D.,
and Nathan G. Hale, Jr.
*Condensed from the book**

Emotional Illness: How Families Can Help

*The love and understanding of someone close
to the patient plays a big part in every recovery*

IF YOUR CHILD felt a persistent pain in his right side, probably you would recognize it as a symptom of appendicitis, and would call a doctor. If the doctor said he needed an operation, you would get a skilled surgeon. You would know, without thinking about it, that your child needed love and understanding. If he became irritable and demanding, you would realize it was because he was in pain.

But suppose someone in your family became emotionally ill, a condition often referred to as "nervous breakdown." Would you recognize the symptoms and know how to get help? Would you know what to expect or how to react?

Yet, emotional illness is the most common illness in America. It strikes every fifth family. It is more widespread than polio, heart disease or cancer. Farmers and city people, rich and poor, manual and white-collar workers, the highly educated and those who never attended



school—all may fall victim to emotional illness.

Despite the fact that emotional illness is so widespread, it often causes needless shame and more worry than physical sickness. Yet it can be faced with the same kind of common sense you would need if your child developed appendicitis or polio.

If one of your friends or a member of your family becomes emotionally ill, you can, by knowing

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more about this kind of sickness, play a vital role in his recovery.

Emotional sickness is in some respects like any other kind of sickness. The emotionally ill are helpless, and suffer just as much as people do who are physically ill. They act in definite ways for definite reasons. They can be helped. As a statistical rule, they tend to get well. But emotional illness does present special problems.

When emotional illness strikes someone close to you, it can be almost as hard on you as it is on the patient, unless you know what to expect. The way your relative acts may make it difficult to get along with him. Moreover, families tend to become involved in a special way with an emotionally ill person.

Why does emotional illness create all these particular problems? What is this kind of illness? Basically, it means that the victim's feelings, attitudes, and emotions have become so overwhelmingly painful that he no longer can carry on his ordinary life. He will be worried, depressed. He may drop friends, and prefer to stay by himself. He may become filled with strange imaginings. He may act impulsively. He may become so excited that he wears himself out with activity. He may even threaten to harm himself or others.

In mild form, any of these ways of acting can occur in anyone, particularly at times of emotional crisis or physical sickness. In themselves, these signs do not necessarily mean

emotional illness. But if the total pattern of your relative's actions becomes so consistently unusual as to interfere with his ordinary life, then he is probably suffering from an emotional illness.

At first, hoping that nothing serious is wrong, you may try to cheer him up. You reason with him or tell him how much you love him, but he won't appear to believe you. You may ask what troubles him; he may either refuse to tell you or insist that nothing at all is the matter. Some days he may seem like his usual self. On other days he seems a strange and frightening person.

As he becomes consistently less himself, it may seem as if a wall is rising between you. He may seem sensitive to things that wouldn't bother the average person. Or you may find that he seems to be deeply angry at the world, or hostile toward you. After you have done your best to help, he may turn on you and accuse you of hurting him.

Anyone would find such situations difficult to meet. But relatives tend to feel them with special force. The closer a relationship is, the deeper become all the feelings that surround it. If in a moment of anger the patient says he hates you, you may feel it as a blow against your own emotional security. You may then begin to exaggerate your own shortcomings. You may come to feel that his illness is somehow your fault. Indeed, your relative may openly blame you for it.

You may worry about whether he gets the right care, a worry that is less common in physical illness. You may come to feel that you can't do too much for him. You may discover that in spite of yourself you occasionally get angry at him and resent him.

John Green's wife became emotionally ill after she had been married about seven years. The Greens, an average couple in their early 30's, had two children. Until a few months before the wife's breakdown their life together had been comparatively happy. They had married in high school, a year after the young woman had had an attack of polio that left her with a slightly crippled leg. During that illness, Green had visited his bride-to-be often and, as she recovered, had enjoyed making things easier for her. He walked her to school and took her to dances.

After they were married Mrs. Green was sensitive about her handicap. She never talked about it. Occasionally, the Greens would quarrel when he tried to keep her from working too hard around the house. Then she would tell him to leave her alone and stop babying her.

When their second child was born, Green wanted to buy a house. To save money he began to work overtime, and spent far less time with his family.

What may have been the first sign of Mrs. Green's illness ap-

peared one evening when Green returned from work. She burst into tears and told him she had never been good enough for him, but that she would make it all up to him. He told her he loved her, but she turned from him as if she didn't believe him.

For the next few months she appeared to do everything she could to show her affection. She would get up at 4 A.M. to begin a day of endless housework. She ate and slept little. Sometimes she would sob for hours, and then refuse to speak to her husband. At times he thought she was merely tired and irritable, but gradually it became almost impossible to talk to her. She responded neither to his questions nor to his attempts to show he loved her. He realized that something serious was wrong, but he didn't quite know what to do about it. Finally, he decided she needed a complete rest away from the housework at home.

The couple started for a vacation in the mountains. On the way, the first night, Green swerved to avoid a car that had cut into his lane. His wife screamed. She broke into hysterical sobbing, and said that the incident had happened to punish her. "I've never been good for you. I want to die," he remembered her saying.

Green felt frightened and alone. He drove home, then called the family doctor, who insisted that Mrs. Green see a psychiatrist.

The psychiatrist recommended that she go to the hospital. As Green was taking her there, she told him she knew he wanted to get rid of her because she hadn't been a good wife to him.

Her accusation hurt him deeply. His own situation was difficult. He had to arrange for someone to look after the children. He worried about what the neighbors might say and how he could explain his wife's illness. He called the psychiatrist constantly to check on her progress. Once, after his wife suffered a relapse, he told the doctor her sickness was his own fault; he had made her overwork and expected too much of her.

The psychiatrist knew that simply was not the case. Her illness, he pointed out, was the end result of many causes, some recent, some that had been building for years. He explained that her accusations against Green and her agonizing doubts of herself were all part of her illness.

The doctor suggested that apparently Mrs. Green had taken her husband's long absences to mean that he didn't love her. But she couldn't tell him so, because she really knew that he was working overtime for the family. Gradually, she had persuaded herself that he rejected her because of her crippled leg. Actually, her attitude was the result of a complicated series of feelings formed in childhood.

The doctor explained that Green

had become so closely involved in his wife's illness that he had treated Mrs. Green's own personal conflicts and her seeming anger at him as if they were the final expression of all her feelings.

In the course of Green's talks with the psychiatrist, Green came gradually to realize that he had been accusing himself unjustly. He had accepted at face value what his wife had said while she was acutely ill. He also began to understand that she may have resented his trying to protect her too much because it made her feel useless. His constant helpfulness lowered her own self-esteem. Then, too, he saw that she had mistaken the reason for his absences from home; that even though she realized that the mistake was hers, she still, somehow, couldn't help herself.

Green ceased to take her accusations personally. He came to see that despite what she had once said about wanting a separation, separation really was the thing she feared most. He realized that she was not trying to hurt him deliberately; and, equally important, he realized that he had not tried to hurt her. He felt that now they could work out together any new problems.

As Green became able to see his wife's illness more objectively and could separate his own feelings from hers, he experienced a great sense of relief. At the same time, he gained a greater understanding and affection for her.

As it turned out, his affectionate help made her recovery easier. After some months of intensive treatment at the hospital, Mrs. Green was able to return to her husband and children. After she left the hospital she continued to see the psychiatrist for a time, and her husband also consulted him occasionally. During their talks together, the doctor told Green a number of facts that the relative of any emotionally ill patient needs to know.

First, as Green learned, emotional illness can be helped, and the majority of people hospitalized for it do get well; some quickly, others after a number of years. Persons who fall acutely ill for the first time have the best chance for recovery.

During the last half century, we have learned much about the roots of emotional illness, one of the last areas of human behavior to be studied scientifically. Though much remains to be explored, particularly the exact relation between feelings and bodily functions, doctors have learned far more about mental illness than many persons realize.

Today, psychiatrists seldom describe any case as hopeless. But the degree of recovery does vary for each individual. Some persons become even better adjusted than they were before their illness, others do not.

Emotional illness is nothing to be ashamed of, yet a family may have to take certain prejudices into account. Some people are still as nar-

row about emotional illness as they once were about tuberculosis. So, to unsympathetic outsiders, the wisest course may be to say as little as possible about your relative's sickness. Often, referring to it as a "nervous breakdown" is enough.

Much of the prejudice against emotional illness comes from the fact that its elements, in fraction, are an unrecognized part of our own daily lives.

We all know something about emotional illness from our own experience, but usually without realizing it. Our feelings center around how we come to terms with ourselves and how we relate to other people. In the course of a lifetime nearly all of us share to some degree the feelings that grip the emotionally ill.

We all occasionally meet problems that no amount of effort seems to resolve. We all have blue moods much like the numbing, self-cutting discouragement that Mrs. Green suffered. Many of us save up anger, then lose our tempers and hurt people we love, or take out resentment on innocent bystanders. We can feel too excited to slow down or too paralyzed by worry to make any move at all. We can be overly touchy about what seems to touch on our security. At times nearly all of us want to get away from people. Then again, we all daydream about things as we would like them to be. Occasionally, we let our emotions overwhelm our reason.

For most people these moods are neither intense nor lasting. But they are there, and we have all shared them. A human being without conflicts, always completely happy, probably has existed only in the imaginations of the miserable. Indeed, the range between emotional health and emotional illness is not clear-cut. The test, perhaps, is how people function in their daily lives. Many suffer severely from emotional problems, yet muddle through. But they pay a heavy toll in unnecessary unhappiness and unproductive pain; such persons we call neurotics.

In others, however, emotional problems can create a nightmare web of reactions involving the entire personality. When people's feelings consistently cripple their ability to care for themselves or fulfill reasonable obligations, it becomes a matter of serious illness.

Fundamentally, the difference between being emotionally healthy

and emotionally sick remains largely a matter of degree. The emotionally ill are no strange race apart. They are our own flesh and blood caught in a prison of their own painfully overwhelming feelings.

Your own understanding of the outer edges of emotional illness can help you make a vital contribution toward your loved one's recovery. A patient's family and friends are the closest ties he has. The kind of give-and-take that makes ordinary life situations happy and tolerable is the best procedure in dealing with one who is emotionally ill. Aim at the kind of relationship that leaves you both able to express your feelings fully, your feelings of affection as well as those of occasional resentment.

By now, psychiatrists have had a generation of experience. Many of them insist that every emotionally ill patient who recovers does so because of another human being's help and understanding.



CHILD OF NATURE

One Saturday afternoon, our five-year-old Michael accompanied me to church while I went to Confession. While I was standing in the line awaiting my turn, I saw Michael go up to the first pew and sit very quietly watching the older people coming and going, making their devotions and sometimes lighting a candle.

As I came out of the confessional I was startled to hear a child sobbing, and especially so after I realized that it was Michael. I hastened to the front of the church to find that he had put his pennies into the coin box by the votive lights, and was now heartbroken because, after waiting and waiting, not one candle had lighted up for him!

Una C. Willis.

Annapolis Men and Father Walsh

It's necessarily a tight fit, but he gets religion a good place in their schedules

FATHER WILLIAM J. WALSH has an unusual parish. He has no worries about finances and he can be sure that all his parishioners in good health will attend Mass each Sunday. Father Walsh's full title is Lt. Cmdr. William J. Walsh, Chaplain, U. S. Navy, and he is present Catholic chaplain at the U. S. Naval academy, Annapolis, Md. His congregation consists of the 1,079 Catholics among the institution's 3,700 midshipmen.

The penance for missing Mass on Sunday is a forced run around an obstacle course at 5 A.M. It is not Father Walsh's penance, but one meted out by the academy's Executive department. All midshipmen are required to attend services of the church of their choice each Sunday. Those who do not are given demerits and extra drill.

Even with this kind of assistance, the job of academy chaplain requires long hours of hard work. Father Walsh's day begins early, long before the midshipmen's routine begins at 6:15 A.M. By 5:30 each day, he is at the chapel, preparing for Mass, and at 5:45 A.M. he hears Confessions. Mass begins



at 6, and usually ends about 6:30, allowing the midshipmen just enough time to walk from the chapel to Bancroft hall, where they muster for breakfast formation at 6:45. Several mornings a week Father Walsh has breakfast in the mess hall, and leads morning prayers.

A midshipman, in his four years at the academy, takes nearly the same academic courses as engineering students at civilian colleges. At graduation, he receives a B.S. degree in engineering. But at the same time, he receives a thorough indoctrination in naval history, tactics, ordnance and gunnery, and leadership. After classes each day, he must

take part in intramural or varsity athletics. He has little trouble sleeping for the eight hours between taps and reveille.

Finding time for religion in this rigid schedule is Father Walsh's most difficult task. The only time allotted for religion is an hour each Sunday morning. The 150 or 200 men who go to daily Mass have to get up 45 minutes before reveille, and they can almost never make up that lost sleep. Even so, during Advent the number attending daily Mass averages 250 and during Lent the number rises to over 400. Almost all who go daily receive Communion.

Other religious activities must be sandwiched between classes, athletics, drills, and study hours. Individuals may find time to visit Father's office between classes. For group meetings, the hour between evening meal and study hour and the time Sunday mornings while Protestant services are being held are usually free, but special professional lectures are sometimes scheduled after the evening meal.

Father Walsh ordinarily devotes this hour to classes for converts and inquirers. At the same time, in each of the brigade's 24 companies, small groups of midshipmen get together for the Rosary. For midshipmen, the Rosary is an extra devotion; in the future, when they are at sea, it may be their only religious service for months. On a small ship, such as a destroyer, with no chaplain, a

junior officer may find one of his first duties is to organize Rosary services for the Catholic men.

Six Sunday mornings each spring are devoted to marriage lectures for 1st classmen (seniors) and their fiancées. Newman club meetings are held every other Sunday evening in Memorial hall. The Catholic University of America, in Washington, D. C., and Loyola university and St. Mary's seminary, Baltimore, Md., are close enough to supply speakers.

One of the Newman club's most popular activities is a monthly "tea fight" fitted neatly into Saturday-afternoon liberty time. It is a tea dance, the popular name being derived from the situations which occur when the young ladies are far fewer than the number of midshipmen. The club invites groups of girls from Catholic schools and colleges in the Washington-Baltimore area. The plebes (freshmen) look forward to these affairs: they are the only occasions on which they may associate with young ladies.

Midshipmen get only a 72-hour leave each spring, but last year 25 of them spent it making a retreat at Manresa, a Jesuit retreat house across the Severn river from the academy. To take the place of a retreat in the other midshipmen's lives, an annual Day of Recollection is held in the spring. The day's program begins at Sunday-morning Mass and includes two conferences, Confessions and Benediction.

One of the best-known academy traditions is the Ring Dance, at which a midshipman receives his class ring. The rings are more treasured than most such rings for three important reasons. 1. Since they are worn only by 1st classmen, the privilege of wearing one means just about the end of a long, hard four years. 2. Although the academy has no fraternities, there is a saying, "Every class a fraternity," and as every fraternity has its pin, every class has its crest. The class crest is cut on one side of a midshipmen's ring and the academy seal on the other, reminding him of both bonds. 3. Throughout the fleet, the ring enables fellow graduates to identify one another.

The Ring Dance is the most elaborate social affair at the academy. It is preceded by a formal dinner in the mess hall, the only mess-hall meal at which "drags" (dates) may be guests. At the dance itself, a nationally known band and an academy dance band keep two floors filled all evening. Meanwhile, weather permitting, a string quartet, Japanese lanterns, and small, candlelit tables provide atmosphere on the terraces outside. During most of the evening, the midshipman's date wears his ring on a ribbon around her neck. As the climax of the evening, she dips the ring into a mixture of waters from the seven seas. Then, standing with her boy friend inside a giant replica of the ring, she places the ring on his

finger and kisses him. This is also the traditional time for a midshipman to present his sweetheart with a miniature of his class ring as a token of their engagement.

For the Catholic midshipmen, however, that is not the entire Ring Dance day. Before the festivities begin, they take their rings to Mass for Father Walsh to bless.

Many Catholic couples also join in another old academy tradition, the walk almost directly from the graduation ball to the marriage altar. Since midshipmen are not permitted to marry, graduation day marks a rush of marriages at the academy chapel. Marriage ceremonies begin an hour after the end of graduation exercises and continue, one every half-hour, until late that evening, and begin again the next morning.

Couples who wish to be married at graduation time are so many that they must draw numbers. Couples who wish a nuptial Mass must wait until the week after graduation. Last year Father Walsh married 16 couples in the days right after graduation, and several other Catholic couples, including three graduates who married three sisters, were married at St. Mary's church in Annapolis.

But a midshipman's life is more work than pleasant traditions. So also is Father Walsh's, who is more usually found at work in his office in Bancroft hall than playing his role in those traditions.

During the greater part of any day, he is busy behind his desk, with normal pastoral paper work and military red tape. Sometimes, the red tape can become rather entangling. If a midshipman decides in the middle of a semester that he wants to become a Catholic, he cannot simply discuss his wishes with Father Walsh and start going to Sunday Mass. He must have his request for permission to attend Sunday Mass approved by Father Walsh, by the Protestant chaplain, and by the Executive department. In the past, such requests have sometimes been deferred by the Executive department, although approved by the chaplains.

The main chapel and the smaller St. Andrew's chapel beneath it, designed as High Episcopalian churches, both have altars with gold candlesticks. For Mass, Father Walsh places a crucifix in front of their plain gold crosses. The chapel for the Blessed Sacrament is a small room near St. Andrew's chapel; midshipmen often stop in for visits.

Neither navy life nor working with young men was new to Father Walsh when he was assigned to the academy. From 1941 to 1943 he had been an English teacher at Cardinal Hayes High school in New York City. He entered the Merchant Marine as a chaplain in 1943, and became a navy chaplain in 1944. During his years in the navy he has served aboard several ships and at a shore installation in Japan.

The rewards of his present assignment are many. One is the constant increase in Catholic activities at the academy. Another is a steady gain in the number of Catholic midshipmen.

The task of the academy is to transform young men into "naval officers and gentlemen." Father Walsh's mission is to take these young men, so well versed in science, mathematics, and naval tactics, and mold them into Catholic officers and gentlemen. They, in turn, will be able, by example and advice, to help their men keep and practice their faith.



GONE WITH THE WIND

"Pull over, Buster," bawled the motorcycle cop to the motorist. "You haven't got a taillight."

The driver stopped, got out, and examined the back of his car. He looked so positively horrified that the policeman was actually moved to sympathy. "I'll have to give you a ticket, of course," he said in softer tones. "It's bad, mister, but not all that bad."

"It's not my taillight I'm thinking of," exclaimed the motorist as he gradually recovered his voice. "What on earth's happened to my trailer?"

The Pipe Line (Jan. '57).

By Charles Leisring, S.V.D.
Condensed from "Today"*

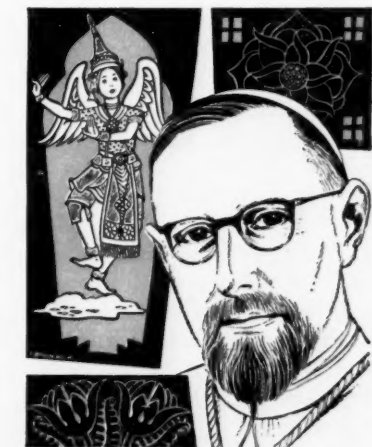
More Deacons for the Church?

Missionary Bishop William van Bakkum suggests the possibility of recruiting them from the married laity

EXCITEMENT was in the air after one of the sessions of the International Liturgical congress in Assisi last September. At that session a vigorous, bearded man in bishop's robes had spoken to the 1,500 delegates on "the liturgy and the needs of missions." The speaker was Bishop William van Bakkum, S.V.D., of Ruteng on the island of Flores in Indonesia. His talk made headlines in the Catholic press around the world.

The main reason for the stir was the bishop's recommendation that laymen once more be allowed to act as deacons in the Church. This proposal and others that were made by the bishop (the introduction of more of the vernacular into the Mass and the greater liturgical use of native customs and music in mission territories) were not new. But they probably had never before been expressed so forcefully or with the authority of more practical experience.

Bishop van Bakkum was born in 1910 in Holland. He began study-



ing at the age of 12 with the Divine Word Missionaries. When he was a seminarian, his hobby was the study of Asiatic art and culture. He hoped for a mission assignment somewhere in China or Chinese Turkestan. The closest he has come so far has been Ruteng, the appointment he was given after his ordination in 1935.

This South Sea island, with its population of approximately 1¼

*1700 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 12, Ill., May, 1957. © 1957 by Today Magazine, and reprinted with permission.

million, has assumed great importance in the missionary world because of the rapid growth of the Church there. When the first Divine Word priests came to the island in 1913 (it was a Dutch colony then), they had 40,000 Catholics to care for. By the time Father van Bakkum arrived, in 1936, the number of Catholics had reached 250,000. Today there are in Flores more than 500,000 Catholics under the care of 239 Divine Word priests and Brothers, 30 of whom are native Florinese.

The people among whom Father van Bakkum was sent to work in West Flores are mostly members of a Malayan tribe called the Manggarai. Although they are very poor, their literacy is over 80% because of the efficient Catholic-school system, built up with subsidies from the Dutch government. The present network of more than 500 schools has contributed tremendously to the education and conversion of the natives of Flores.

In 1942 Father van Bakkum and his fellow missionaries were imprisoned by the Japanese and taken to Celebes. But even the Japanese saw the important influence of the Catholic Church on Flores, and sent two Japanese bishops and a dozen priests to help the people.

Upon his return to his former post in the spring of 1946, Father van Bakkum was made dean, and then rector, of the Ruteng mission district. Besides looking after the

spiritual needs of the Manggarai, he studied and photographed their tribal customs with such care that he is today the foremost authority on the way of life of the West Florinese. And the Florinese themselves, touched by this selfless interest in their welfare, are deeply attached to their bishop.

Because of the unusual success of the Church on Flores, Rome decided, in 1951, to divide the island into three vicariates. The western section was named the Vicariate of Ruteng, and Father van Bakkum was chosen to be the vicariate's first bishop.

The new bishop had no doubts about the task that lay ahead of him. He had been made responsible for the spiritual welfare of 113,000 Catholics out of a total population of 230,000. He had 25 priests to care for a mountainous area the size of Delaware.

Travel is slow and hazardous; you must dismount and hang on to your horse to make it up the steep slopes. In heavy rains, missionaries can be lost or cut off from their stations by mountain torrents. Poverty is universal; disease rages unchecked. The area is without one hospital or dispensary.

One of the bishop's first projects was the building of a trade school to improve the living standards of his people. The women had to be taught weaving and the men the use of hand and machine tools so that they could have a source of

income. The school was dedicated a year after the bishop's consecration.

The following year, Bishop van Bakkum made his first visit to the Pope. One problem the bishop laid before the Holy Father was that of founding a minor seminary for Florinese boys. Indonesia, now an independent republic, had placed severe restrictions on the admission of foreign missionaries. This situation made a native clergy an urgent necessity.

Pope Pius XII strongly encouraged the project. Work was begun as soon as possible, and on Sept. 7, 1955, the first 30 students were admitted to the seminary.

On his trip to Rome Bishop van Bakkum underwent an experience that was to have great significance in his future career. He took part in a three-day retreat, given by a Benedictine priest, in which the chief subject emphasized was the Benedictines' traditional concern, the liturgy. For the first time, Bishop van Bakkum saw the application of the liturgy to his own work.

From his study of Asiatic culture and folklore, the bishop had come to a deep understanding of the religious customs of the Manggaraians. Every activity of their lives was accompanied by some religious observance. They offered sacrifices in times of planting and harvest, when sickness or drought threatened, as penance for sin and as thanksgiving for favors. On such occasions, a

member of the community would bring forth a buffalo, a goat, or some other animal, and while all danced in a circle and sang traditional songs the victim would be slain in sacrifice. Finally, all would share in the eating of the meat of the victim as a testimony of their attitude of reverence.

Bishop van Bakkum now saw that all these things were a natural expression of a religious people and should not be completely eliminated. To tear primitive people away from their traditional religious practices without putting something as good or better in their place leaves a dangerous vacuum. That vacuum can be filled by giving such peoples the Christian liturgy, but it must be adapted to their own cultures, making use of their own religious practices wherever possible and permissible.

As soon as he returned to Ruteng, Bishop van Bakkum began to put some of his new ideas into practice. He saw that European hymns were inappropriate for his people, so he appointed a priest who was an expert in religious music to gather up native hymns that could be used at liturgical rites. In a short time, 36 such songs were found and printed for the use of the missionaries and teachers. The Manggarai people were touched by the permission to use their own songs once more in worshiping God. They were no longer silent spectators at Mass, but shared actively in it.

Then there was the problem of making the prayers of the Mass mean something in the personal life of each worshiper. Prayers for the special intentions of the community were led after the sermon by the priest or by the catechist; they implored God's blessing on the sick, for a good harvest, or for whatever need was most important at the time. And now the people could see that the Mass was for their individual intentions.

The Manggaraians had been accustomed to present their own victim for sacrifice. To give them a share in making the offering of the Mass, the bishop introduced an Offertory procession in which local gifts were brought to the sanctuary as an expression of the people's offering of themselves to God. The gifts could have religious significance, as with candles, bread, and wine, or they could be intended as charity offerings for the poor.

Special Vatican permission was received by the bishop to allow the people to sing parts of a high Mass (*Kyrie, Gloria, Credo*) in their own language while the priest celebrated the Mass in Latin. Such singing was already being done in some countries of Europe and Africa. It provided an excellent way of celebrating a high Mass in which the congregation could participate intelligently and actively.

All these practices were described by Bishop van Bakkum when he delivered his address to the Assisi

Congress last year. He had been asked to report on his work before the great assembly of six cardinals, 80 bishops, and more than 1,000 priests and lay people.

One other consideration which the bishop could present only as a suggestion was the much-talked-of request for the reform of the lesser Holy Orders.

Most Catholics know that the priesthood is the 7th Order which a candidate receives as he ascends to the altar. The other six, doorkeeper, reader, exorcist, acolyte, subdeacon, and deacon, were once given to persons who were to exercise the particular function attached to the Order they had received. Now all these Orders are received in succession by the same person as he advances towards the priesthood.

Because of the scarcity of priests in his vicariate and the certainty that this shortage will continue for an indefinite period, Bishop van Bakkum has suggested that men be again allowed to receive some Orders without going on to the priesthood.

The 30 priests who now minister to the needs of the 140,000 Catholics in the Ruteng vicariate can visit the 240 mission stations only at six-week, three-month, or sometimes only twice yearly intervals. Between visits by the priest, a deacon might care for the church, give religious instruction, read the Scriptures, or deliver sermons. In this way the Christian community would

have its own religious ministers to aid the missionary and to perform some of his functions when necessary.

Bishop van Bakkum knows from experience how much time it takes for the many Baptisms that must be performed at each visit of the priest. Why not have deacons ordained to administer this sacrament in the absence of the missionary?

The priest would then have more time for teaching and for Confessions when he made his visit.

The bishop often goes to villages where the distribution of Communion to 1,000 or more people takes from 45 minutes to an hour. Since the deacon's office enables him to distribute Holy Communion, he could help the priest and keep the time required for Mass within reasonable limits.

The deacon could also take Viaticum to the sick in remote mountain places, thus sparing the missionary long trips.

In general, Bishop van Bakkum sees the deacon as the highest representative of the Church in the community where he lives. He would exercise his office of preaching and teaching, and of administering the sacraments, as one who

shared the priesthood of Christ in a way second only to that of the priest himself. He would, of course, need a more thorough education than the ordinary layman, but in a place where education has reduced illiteracy to as little as 15% of the population, it would not be too difficult to find suitable candidates.

Bishop van Bakkum told the congress at Assisi, "The problems with which we are concerned are urgent and might be said to be extremely so. The mission lands are in a period which, as far as we can see, is a decisive one for the preservation and spread of the Church. And the decisive hour will be very short."

In the young republic of Indonesia and elsewhere in Asia and Africa the cry of nationalism is strong. Hatred of everything foreign could well be extended to the field of religion, if the people in those parts of the world think of Christianity as a religion to which a foreign clergy, a foreign language, and foreign practices are essential. In pointing toward ways in which the liturgy can be adapted to the mentality and needs of native peoples, Bishop van Bakkum's Assisi report may well have been decisive for all future mission work.



A woman with a young boy drove into a filling station and asked the attendant to check her tires. Before he could get around to it, her son leaped out of the car and started to put air in the tires. "Get back in the car and let the man do it," snapped the woman. "What do you think we pay taxes for?"

Wall St. Journal (20 May '57).

By Jack Webb
Condensed from the "Tidings"*

I'll Walk Again

*A grim story with a
future happy ending*

"**M**ARY, MOTHER OF GOD, help me! If I must lose all the rest, please save my left hand." The voice was mine. I heard it speak as though detached from me. I was lying alone in a room in the communicable-disease section of the Los Angeles County hospital. I was slowly becoming paralyzed from head to toe. The diagnosis: acute bulbar poliomyelitis. The remedy: none.

Only a few days before, I was at the peak of good health and spirits. Eight days before, my wife and I had held a little birthday party for my two eldest (twins), Jack and Jill. Nine days before, I was at my desk as retail advertising manager of the Los Angeles *Examiner*, busily putting to bed the ads in our Sunday edition. I was the breadwinner for a wonderful wife and three healthy children, and my life was a full one.

I'd had three days of sickness the week before (polio's first attack, usually passed off as flu) but I had recovered. The flu feeling came



back Monday. On Tuesday it was worse.

Wednesday, I dragged myself to work only because of an important business lunch I had promised to attend. When the food came, I couldn't eat. Early that afternoon I went home to bed.

The next day was Thanksgiving day. The aroma of turkey and trimmings floated through the house. It only made me sicker. At this point my greatest impatience came from not being able to read. I now had double vision. There, then, were the symptoms. Nausea, fever, double vision. No stiff neck, no inability to walk, none of the common signs of polio. A doctor, called in emergency because our family doctor

*1530 W. 9th St., Los Angeles 15, Calif. May 3, 1957. © 1957 by the Tidings, and reprinted with permission.

was out of town, prescribed bed rest and aspirin.

Friday evening the symptoms persisted. My family doctor was back, so we had him over. He ordered me to San Pedro hospital.

Saturday morning, my doctor, together with two specialists, came in. They ordered tests.

Sunday morning, my right arm and the left side of my face were paralyzed. A spinal tap proved it out: I had acute bulbar polio. The fever had not yet abated, so I could expect more paralysis as long as it lasted.

My doctor called for an ambulance; and in a wild screaming ride, with my wife at my side, we rode to Los Angeles County hospital. Further tests were made as I lay on a stretcher in the admitting room under a bare, lone light bulb. The polio diagnosis was confirmed. I was admitted, and sent to the communicable disease ward.

My wife was allowed to see me for 15 minutes each evening. She visited from the other side of a glass partition and talked to me over an intercom. To reach the glass partition to my room, she had to walk past room after room, each full of iron lungs, each with a haggard, fevered human being inside. Every day she expected to come to my room, the last on the corridor, and find me in one. Each evening she prayerfully walked that corridor with dread and hope.

As the fever ran on and the virus

ate deeper into the motor nerve endings in my spinal cord, I found more and more of my body becoming paralyzed. Water and glucose solutions, gallons of them, were fed me intravenously. My tongue became parched and then ridged as the fever dehydrated me.

I was almost completely paralyzed now and slipping in and out of delirium. It was months later that I learned what our family doctor told my wife that day. "If the fever does not break soon," he had said, "we cannot predict what may happen. He is in grave condition."

It was at that time that I prayed to our Blessed Mother, to spare my left hand. (I am left handed.) The fever broke the next night, and I was transferred to the California Rehabilitation center in Santa Monica.

Two men carried me on a stretcher to the ambulance. And my wife, who waited for me at the door to the rehabilitation center, will testify that the only part of my body that could move was my left hand.

I now began the long road back. I was put into a ward with 15 other men suffering from polio, broken backs, multiple sclerosis or other neural disorders. I stared at the ceiling until the extreme sensitivity of my skin, another by-product of polio, cried out for movement. Someone would roll me over on my side for a while. At meal times one of the orderlies, Hank, Jim, Andy or Bob, patiently fed me.

My wife would shave me. I told her many times, "Mary, this is the other side of the world. This is what you read about or hear about, but never connect with yourself until disaster strikes you." And all the time, I kept asking myself: What about my family? Who would take care of them? How could I support them now? I prayed for help. And it came right away.

The *Examiner*, for which I had worked 20 years, assured me that my pay would continue. The publisher himself, Frank Payne, an old friend of mine, personally assured my wife that she need have no financial worries. For over a year, my salary was paid in full. The *Examiner* people lifted a terrible load from my mind. I could devote my full energy to the job of getting well.

Dr. David Rubin, a specialist, took on my case. We talked as he checked my muscles. He reminded me that the most important thing about a body is the brain. The next most important in a polio case are his arms, and so on, until you reach the least important, his legs.

"Doctor," I said, "that may be true, but there is one thing I am going to do. I am going to walk again."

"Perhaps," he replied in the manner of doctors. "But remember that I told you it is the least important." He did not think much of the odds.

The next day I was introduced

to my therapist, Lee Baumgarth, who would remain working with me to this day. Young, likable, he personifies the kind of dedicated person a good physical therapist must be.

So the therapy began, at bedside at first, and later, when my strength began to return a little, at the therapist's work table. Patterns of motion, over and over, hour after hour, day after monotonous day. From head to toe, working, pushing, pulling, kneading: trying to force nerve impulses through the battered spinal column to the muscles. Other therapists joined in the work. The day began at 8 and ended at 5.

Then there were the hot-water tank and the stretch room, where therapist Margaret LaBarge stretches tight, contracted muscles day after agonizing day to save bodies from deformity. I came within an eyelash of fainting several times from the pain of those stretches. It was only after I followed the Marymount nuns' advice to offer up the pain that the treatment became bearable. It still puts me in a cold sweat to recall those hours of being stretched.

But there was another side to those months: the friends I made, other men and women going through the same experiences I was; the banter; the movies in the hospital auditorium. And there were the hours after work, sitting in a wheel chair in the ocean breezes.

Old friends came to visit, some

steadily, some not so steadily after the novelty wore off. Above all, I could count on the steadfastness of a loving wife. At last, I had to urge her not to come so often because I could see that the strain was telling on her.

One friend brought me prayers for a 27-day novena. I started it one day in March. The novenas have continued constantly. When I began the novena I was able, with the assistance of a therapist, to stand erect between parallel bars. Straps were placed in front of my knees, behind my hips, and under my shoulders. These held me erect, although my legs would not move. As the work and prayers continued, the therapists were able to take off the straps, replacing them with a harness rigged to a traveling pulley in the ceiling.

Came graduation day in the therapy department, and it was decided that I was ready to try crutch walking. What a lost feeling! I stood teetering between the crutches, striving to keep my balance.

The hospital people say that if you are lucky, you can manage to take one step on that first day. I took four. Tiny steps. Wobbly steps. But four steps nevertheless.

In other parts of my body, muscles were beginning to assume their duties. Although I could not sit up by myself, once up I could stay erect. Once it had been necessary for me to wear slings that held my arms up while I ate. These were

gradually being dispensed with. My tank-and-stretch schedule was discontinued. I was coming back.

I was allowed to go home on week ends now. We built a special ramp so that my wheel chair could be moved in and out of the house. Life looked up. I knew my family again. A rented hospital bed was set up in the living room so that during the day I could be close to my wife and children.

Then that plateau was passed. Came a day when (with much perspiration) I could walk 100 feet on crutches. More weeks of work extended the distances to 200, then 500, then 1,000 feet without a stop. Each night, however exhausted I might be, I said my novena.

How do my prospects look today? The constant work and prayers, mine, my family's, friends' and the nuns', are beating this affliction. I asked my wife to put my wheel chair in the garage last Christmas, and it has stayed there ever since. The crutches were reduced to one crutch and a cane. And now, two weeks ago, to just the cane.

My left arm has strengthened to normal, according to the doctor. I am typing this story with both hands, with a special ring-like device helping my right hand, the first and hardest hit of all my body.

Some persons get just a touch of polio that leaves them with a slight limp at most. Some spend the rest of their lives in an iron lung or a wheel chair. I'll return to the job

in another month or so, able to support my family again by working in my chosen field. For this blessing, I thank my doctors and the other people at the hospital, especially the therapists who spent a year and four months of solid

work on me. I thank the March of Dimes, without which my rehabilitation would have been financially impossible.

Most of all, I thank Mary and her Son, through whom all things are possible.

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

I got my first job during the last war. The job meant a move away from home. I was very happy to find a nice apartment which I could share with a girl I knew. We were assured that the landlords were very nice people, but were warned about the "snoopy old lady" who occupied a ground-floor apartment.

I tried to avoid the old lady as much as I could, but I knew she was watching our every move. I felt she knew exactly how often we came and went; who our visitors were; the precise times at which we got up or went to bed. She would stop me for a word or two every time we met in the hall, but I always cut the conversation as short as possible.

Then one day I received a package from my fiancé, who was in the army. He had sent it special delivery and it came while I was away at work. My elderly neighbor signed for it and gave it to me as soon as I got home that evening. Muttering some brief, almost curt thanks, I rushed right up to my apartment to open it. Later, to make amends, I brought my gift down and showed it to the old lady. It was touching to see how she responded to this tiny act of mine! She kept me there for some time, showing me all her treasures: photos of her children and grandchildren, embroidered quilts, table silver, pressed flowers—all kinds of little souvenirs. We struck up quite a friendship, and I took to dropping in often.

One Sunday some weeks later, I returned to my apartment to find my girl friend chatting with the old lady. The coffee table was piled high with little packages. "We decided you must have a shower," said our neighbor with a smile. I began opening the gifts. They were all her things!

"But I couldn't take your lovely mementos," I faltered.

"Nonsense, these things were made for use, not storage," replied the old lady. "It will make me very happy to see you start housekeeping with some of my little things."

Today I am happily married. My husband and I have several children of our own. Among our most treasured material possessions are the gifts of the "snoopy old lady" I once took such pains to avoid.

Annette Thyfault.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]

By David Lawrence
Condensed from the
New York "Herald Tribune"*

The Legacy of Joe McCarthy

*How will the senator from Wisconsin
appear in historical perspective?*

SEN. JOSEPH R. MCCARTHY is gone, but he has left behind a legacy of controversy that may take years to resolve.

The Wisconsin senator was a relentless fighter for what he believed to be right. He might have won the censure battle in the Senate in 1954 if he had been a bit more tactful during the proceedings. For the Senate was dealing with a delicate question: the right of free speech in Congress uninhibited by threats of punishment.

Never in the history of the Senate had any member been censured for expressing his opinions, no matter how distasteful or unpopular they were. In McCarthy's case, the Senate did finally abandon the word *censure*, with its connotation of punishment, and substitute the milder word *condemn*. Even so, the Senate resolution set a bad precedent of interference with free speech in condemning the man because of the opinions he expressed.

If ever a man was hounded to death because of his beliefs, it was

Senator McCarthy. His health was impaired by the strain imposed on him by the tactics of his enemies. They ganged up on him from the days when they first saw that he was making headway with his crusade against communism in government. It was the communist newspaper, the *Daily Worker*, which was the first to give persistent publicity to the word *McCarthyism*.

There was no limit to the innuendoes, baseless charges, and whispering campaigns directed against Senator McCarthy in the effort to discredit him. It was assumed by many of his opponents that if McCarthy the man were discredited the whole drive against communists in government would collapse.

Some strange chapters remain to be explained. One concerns the widespread rumors that McCarthy had cheated on his federal income-tax returns. It turned out in the end that the Treasury department owed McCarthy money, and the department sent him a refund check

*230 W. 41st St., New York City 36. May 6, 1957. © 1957 by the New York Herald Tribune, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

for overpayment of his taxes. Yet, before the Internal Revenue bureau could complete its investigation, a campaign was started to maneuver Senator McCarthy into a public hearing in which his enemies would have a chance to impugn his honesty.

Although Senator McCarthy was re-elected by the people of Wisconsin in November, 1952, after his refusal to testify before a Congressional committee, his opponents in 1954 nevertheless used that refusal (which had occurred in a previous term of office) as a basis for the start of censure proceedings.

Another episode still unexplained is the case of Paul H. Hughes, who posed as a member of Senator McCarthy's staff and, over a period of several months, collected big sums of money from various sources with the promise of "revelations" derogatory to Senator McCarthy. At any time during that long period, the fact that Hughes was not an employe of any Congressional committee could have been established through careful inquiries.

Senator McCarthy made many errors in judgment, sometimes lost his temper, and at times ignored the counsel of his best friends. But he didn't mind fair criticism. At various times, I myself expressed strong disapproval of the Wisconsin senator's attacks on General Marshall and of the treatment given General Zwicker at a committee hearing. I denounced Senator McCarthy's

break with President Eisenhower as a grave blunder.

Looking back at all aspects of the tragic controversy, however, I remain convinced that it was most important to the cause of true liberalism in America to defend the right of a senator to express himself freely rather than to see him deprived of that privilege by the coercive action of those who disagreed with his views. Principle is too often disregarded under the stress of emotion, inside as well as outside legislative bodies.

Senator McCarthy's great accomplishment was to dramatize the necessity for a vigorous battle against communist infiltration. The record shows neglect by the State department in the 1940's of the intrigue that was going on there. The situation was repeatedly called to the department's attention in confidential communications from Senate committees and in FBI reports long before the Wisconsin senator brought the fight out into the open in 1950.

Even after his death, Senator McCarthy is still vilified in the press of Great Britain. Yet, had there been in the British Parliament a fraction of the alertness which was generated by the Wisconsin senator's crusade here, the treason of Burgess and Maclean and the transmission of atomic secrets to the Soviets by Klaus Fuchs (who had been "cleared" for work in an American laboratory by British officials) might never have occurred. Indeed, the

whole history of the "cold war," with its costly budgets, might then have been different.

But time changes many things. It sometimes makes martyrs out of men who were pilloried during their lifetime. The elder Robert La Follette, another senator from Wisconsin, also refused to testify before a Senate committee. He was being investigated because of public speeches regarded by many people as traitorous which he made while America was fighting the 1st World War. The two houses of the Wisconsin Legislature (controlled by his own party) formally called on the U. S. Senate to expel La Follette. But the

Senate took no action. Last May, the same La Follette was selected by a Senate committee to be one of the five in the Senate's Hall of Fame. The lapse of time seems to furnish a different perspective on the records of Wisconsin senators. Perhaps history will repeat itself.

Radio Moscow's tribute to Senator McCarthy was to denounce him as responsible for "the preparation of new military ventures by the United States." To have helped alert America to the menace of communism is to have earned Moscow's hatred—which is the most eloquent epitaph that could be written for Joe McCarthy.



MAKING TIME

Little Barbara was walking home from school, holding hands with a boy about her age. "This is my boy friend," she told a friendly policeman.

"A pretty little girl like you has only one boy friend?" he asked in mock surprise.

"Well," she said, wrinkling her small brow, "I'm only in the 1st grade."

Clarence Roeser.



A St. Louis airline reservation agent was using high-pressure salesmanship on a vigorous old lady of about 60 who was taking a vacation trip to New Orleans.

"Do you mean to say that it takes less than four hours to get all the way to New Orleans?" she demanded.

"Yes, three hours and 55 minutes," he replied.

After a moment the old lady announced, "I guess I'll take a train."

"But look at the time you'd save by flying," the agent protested.

"Young man," the old lady replied icily, "I've been saving time since I was a young woman. Now I intend to use some of it."

Ernest Blevins.

By Barbara Moon

Condensed from "Maclean's Magazine"

Siobhan McKenna: Galway to Broadway

'She could stir us by reading a seed catalogue,' a drama critic said



ACTRESS SIOBHAN McKENNA has become famous so swiftly that thousands of people who pronounce her name with admiration still pronounce it wrongly. Many persons refer to her as *See-oh-ban*. Broadway columnist Dorothy Kilgallen has called her *Sh-boom*. Siobhan, a Gaelic name meaning "white spirit that weeps when someone dies," is correctly pronounced *Shi-vawn*.

Until recently, the freckled, 34-year-old Irish marvel was known only to connoisseurs of the theater. She had acted mainly in Dublin and Galway, and most of her lines were Gaelic. Three years ago the role of Shaw's *St. Joan* lured her to London, where Broadway scouts discovered her. In 1955 she was coaxed to the U. S. to star in a drawing-room comedy, *The Chalk Garden*. Except for some recordings of Irish ballads and folk songs, America has scarcely given her a chance to speak Gaelic since.

In *The Chalk Garden* she played

a character so enigmatic that even the author, Enid Bagnold, confessed she had never understood her. But a visiting Toronto critic, Herbert Whittaker, reported, "Siobhan McKenna could stir us by reading a seed catalogue and, in fact, does in this play."

Miss McKenna then played the taxing role of *St. Joan* at the Cambridge drama festival and in two New York theaters, and shook the critics into superlatives. "One of the greatest living actresses," said Elliot Norton, a notoriously tough Boston critic.

Her fame spread beyond the eastern seaboard when she played a nun in *The Cradle Song* on TV. In the course of the action she aged 18 years without benefit of make-up. It spread still farther when she

*481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont., Canada. April 13, 1957. © 1957 by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Co., Ltd., and reprinted with permission.

played a blond-wigged baggage in a television adaptation of Somerset Maugham's *The Letter*.

She next showed off seven Irish dialects in excerpts from a mixed bag of Irish plays on *Omnibus*. Then she capped all these feats by presenting herself to off-Broadway audiences as Hamlet. Siobhan played the part alone on a bare stage, with 11 actors lobbing lines at her from the darkness of the wings. The critics took this exercise about as seriously as they might a performance of *Charley's Aunt*, but Miss McKenna, who once played Charley in *Charley's Aunt*, had been wanting to try Hamlet for a long time.

Her unquenchable virtuosity made a strong impression in all quarters; even when she wasn't acting, publicity flickered round her like will-o'-the-wisps in a peat bog. When she appeared on Ed Murrow's *Person to Person* program, so many people felt inspired to phone her that six extra plugs had to be installed in the hotel switchboard. Strangers phoned simply to chat, or to ask how to pronounce the name Sean. ("Shawn," she told them patiently.) Finally, to spare the switchboard operators, she fled to the proffered sanctuary of a friend's home.

Siobhan's fame spread to Stratford, Ontario, where a box-office attraction was urgently needed for this summer's Shakespearian festival. Tom Patterson, the festival's founder, passed over all other stars under consideration as soon as he

saw Siobhan in *Saint Joan*. Miss McKenna was slated early to star as Viola in *Twelfth Night* during the festival, which is running from July 1 to Sept. 7.

She is almost a fanatic about an actor's duty to an audience. One snowy day last winter, when she was playing ten performances of *Saint Joan* a week, she overslept, only waking 20 minutes after the matinee curtain time. She later called it "the most sickening thing that has ever happened to me." She slipped on a pair of slacks, dashed

During his interview with Siobhan McKenna on *Person to Person*, Nov. 16, 1956, Edward R. Murrow said, "Your love for Eire is obvious; it's home for you, I know, but what else do you find so wonderful about it?"

Siobhan's answer: "Well, the moment you arrive in Ireland a strange peace descends. It has a strange, wonderful quiet, and I think the people understand what life is about. I find here sometimes people don't really realize that this is only a steppingstone to another life, and people get worried about success and making money, whereas in Ireland if success comes, that's fine, and if it doesn't, still fine. And even the poor people are very happy and content. I think that's what I like about it."

into the street, and commandeered a passing car. She leaped from it into the first cab she spotted, rerouted its bemused passengers by way of the stage door, and raced straight onto the stage.

She offered the audience its choice of a refund or her belated performance and, when they chose the latter, told the stagehands she would meet their overtime from her own pocket. Stagehands, normally inflexible about union rules, tend to have a strong affection for Miss McKenna. They told her they would work for nothing.

Siobhan's five feet five inches are crowned with a shock of coarse black hair; her eyes are agate buttons; her skin is thickly freckled. At the Abbey theater in Dublin they used to tell her admiringly she was endowed with "real PQ" (peasant quality).

Her face has the naked planes and blunt angles of a primitive mask, but it quickens to any strong mood. Her voice, in conversation, is low and musical and faintly marked with the sidles and curtsies of Irish brogue. On stage, it has led Sir Laurence Olivier to remark, "She has a top and bottom to the voice, but no middle," and Walter Kerr, drama critic for the New York *Herald Tribune*, to write, in awe, "Even the punctuation is audible."

Kerr had just seen her in *Saint Joan*, the role Siobhan has identified herself with so strongly that it has become a public crusade, a pri-

vate cause, and a personal triumph. She has played it in Ireland in Gaelic (her own translation), and in England and the U. S. in a bursting Irish brogue which underlines Joan's fiery nationalism. She has sometimes played Joan for nothing, though she drives hard bargains in other roles.

Siobhan was 11 when she first read about Joan. She was struck at once. "I cried, then, because I couldn't be like Joan," she remembers. Last year in New York Julie Harris came to Siobhan's dressing room at the Phoenix theater after a performance, and embraced her. Miss Harris herself was fresh from playing Jean Anouilh's version of Joan in *The Lark*. But she said to Siobhan, "You are Joan."

Audiences in three countries have agreed. In Dublin, playgoers fainted during the trial scene. In London, phlegmatic Britons hissed at her tormentor. In America, where she played more than 100 performances, the reception was every bit as remarkable. Scores of playgoers came backstage after every curtain.

In return, she played with all the stops out at every single performance. Barefooted, her face bare of make-up, her body clad in a rough kirtle and her head bound in a white duster, she knelt in her dressing room ten minutes before each curtain to ask God's help. Each time she picked out the dauphin from the crowd of snickering French courtiers she cried real tears of

wonder at seeing her country's king in the flesh. In each trial scene she let her voice grind with passion and defiance, though an actress knows how to counterfeit the voice of desperation to save her throat. She got doctors' warnings, and finally laryngitis, for this recklessness, but she persisted in it.

Not long ago she tried to account to a reporter for her zeal. "My whole life has led up to St. Joan."

Her father, Owen McKenna, was a professor of mathematical physics and a supporter of the limping Gaelic-language movement in Ireland. Her mother, who died three years ago, used to converse matter-of-factly about saints whose pictures hung on the parlor walls. "To me my mother has been a model for Joan," Siobhan says.

Siobhan is the younger of two daughters. Her sister is a dentist. The girls grew up in Galway, using Gaelic in conversation but reading aloud from the English and French classics after dinner. Siobhan used to spend long hours in an old rocking chair in the attic with a book and a sack of apples.

Besides reading, she loved hurtling down hills on her bicycle, and play-acting. Rounding up her playmates, she'd extemporize a plot. "I'm the villain," she'd say, "and I'm going to kill you." The victim would ad-lib the next line, and the show would be on. "I was always the villain," she chuckles. "It was the meatiest part." She was never al-

lowed to see movies; her father thought they would curb her imagination.

Siobhan thought she might become a nun, or possibly a missionary to a leper colony. When she was in her teens, a professional producer spotted her in a convent production of a comic opera and asked permission to put her name up for the famous Abbey theater in Dublin. Siobhan was astonished. Her father had always dismissed her stage activities scornfully.

She enrolled at University college, Galway, but spent a good deal of spare time in Gaelic comedies at the Theater An Tabhdhearc (pronounced An Tiveyark). Her father countenanced this activity because it was part of his beloved language movement. He mortified her, though, by making her withdraw from one production, *Juno and the Paycock*, because she had been cast as an unmarried mother.

She almost removed herself from another production. She had been cast as Lady Macbeth. "I can't play that," she protested. "I'm not a tragedienne."

"You are an actress," the director told her.

"Don't be talking nonsense," she retorted, but she played it to wild applause, and a critic, down from Dublin, took her aside and said, "You must take this thing seriously."

She went to Dublin to read for her Master's degree. But there she began playing truant to watch Ab-

bey rehearsals, and finally she applied for a job. The Abbey paid four pounds a week, with half pay for rehearsals, so she lived mainly on butter and eggs sent from home. But she acquired stage technique, mastery of at least eight Irish dialects, and respect for the play and playwright above her own part in it. She never saw her name in lights until she came to Broadway.

While at the Abbey, she also got married. When she joined the company, a tall, blue-eyed Irishman named Denis O'Dea (pronounced O'Dee) was acknowledged to be the leading actor at the Abbey. She thought he was vain; he thought she was chasing him. They were married in 1947. Their son, Donacha, is eight.

O'Dea has concentrated increas-

ingly on film work, including parts in such successes as *The Fallen Idol* and *Odd Man Out*. "He keeps house by doing films," explains Miss McKenna, "while I do arty theater."

Arty theater has brought her a string of successes. She was the first Irish actress ever to be honored by an invitation to Stratford-on-Avon for a whole season. She took the lead in the Irish entry at the Paris arts festival, *Playboy of the Western World*. And for *Saint Joan* she was given a London 1954-55 best-actress-of-the-year award.

She is booked for a Broadway play, *The Rope Dancer*, this fall, but she is already planning past that to a Gaelic production of *Peter Pan*. She will translate it herself. Her dearest dream is to film, someday, the whole life of Joan of Arc.

PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

I read with more than ordinary interest your account in the May, 1957, issue of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST of the blind news agent who was short-changed by one of his customers. One reason is that I had just had a similar experience; similar at least in the fact that my story takes precisely the opposite course.

I had stopped at a small restaurant in Kansas City, Mo., operated by a blind veteran. I was astonished at the sure hand with which he conducted his business. When I went up to the counter to pay my check, I handed him a \$1 bill. He asked the denomination, then quickly counted out the correct change.

"Do you ever have any trouble with people giving you one's and telling you they are five's?" I asked.

"No, indeed," he replied, "the only trouble I have is with people who give me five's and tell me they are one's."

Ernest Blevins.

[For original accounts, 100 to 200 words long, of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$10 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged nor returned.]



First Baby? Don't Let Him Scare You

*His grunts and groans and
bowed legs are natural*

WITHOUT QUESTION, he has a charm and appeal all his own, this new baby who has just come wailing his way into the world. Also without question, except to eyes that look on him with love, the appeal definitely doesn't lie in his looks.

Different, peculiar, "out of this world"—that is the way a newborn baby is supposed to look. After all, he has just been through quite a struggle.

The sometimes lopsided appearance of a newborn's head is the re-

sult of an amazing ability to adapt to the process of birth. His skull is composed of separate plates which do not quite meet and do not fuse until after birth. They can be pressed together, even overlap, if necessary during birth. Within a few days or weeks after birth, the head resumes its normal shape.

His little legs are bowed from knee to ankle. These, too, will straighten out soon.

Being born is one of life's major experiences, and something of a shock. Here is the baby, before his birth, closely, darkly, softly protected. Suddenly his idyllic retreat is disturbed. As he comes into the world the air strikes coldly on sensitive skin which has never felt cold before. His lungs must draw their first breath. Like a bellows they fill and empty, bringing forth his first cry, the cry that is music to his waiting mother's ears.

If his mother did not have a heavy dose of anesthesia during childbirth, which would make the baby sleepy also, he may open his blue eyes when you speak to him, to fill you with unutterable delight. All new babies' eyes are blue or blue gray. The color will begin to change, if your child is going to be brown-eyed, when he is several months old. His vision is not yet

*52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York City 17. May, 1957. © 1957 by the Parents' Institute, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

coordinated, though, and you are little more than a blur of light and shadow to him.

His sense of smell is more acute. Almost from birth it inspires him to nuzzle for food if he is held near your breast. His face turns toward a touch on his cheek. His tiny hands will clutch fast to your finger if you press it gently to his palm.

He can cry, which from the beginning of time has summoned mothers to their babies' aid. He doesn't decide to cry when he feels discomfort. The cry is automatic, the way your eye blinks when something comes near it. Baby will be at least three months old before he can realize that a cry can be an appeal.

Some of the things the newborn baby is or can do bring anxious wrinkles to the brows of inexperienced parents. His eyes often look crossed. The nerve connections between the eyes and brain are not yet mature enough to enable him to focus his eyes. Nevertheless, his eyes will turn automatically toward a light, and within a few weeks will follow a lighted or moving object.

He sometimes jerks suddenly. His brain and nervous system are quite unfinished. The tiny nerve fibers which will eventually connect his brain with his muscles do not form until after birth, so he cannot yet move his body purposefully. For now, his muscles move his arms and legs by reflex action. The jerking movements that may worry you ac-

tually keep his circulation going and his heart pumping evenly, though his nerves are not yet fully developed.

He sneezes and coughs without apparent reason. But there is reason: it serves to keep his nose and throat clear of secretions. He is not "catching cold," not even if his little feet feel chilly; it is natural for a baby's feet to be somewhat cool.

The queer little snorts and grunts your baby sometimes makes while sleeping are quite normal, too. They occur because his tongue slips back occasionally against the roof of his mouth, pressing slightly against the air passage, and because once in a while he "forgets" to breathe for a moment. The breathing itself is a new accomplishment.

Breathing is shallow and uneven during the first weeks of life. The baby's chest is small, its muscles tiny. He looks as though he's "breathing with his stomach." In the hospital a special watch is generally placed on babies during their first day to assure normal breathing development.

You actually help your baby learn to breathe when you cuddle him. Holding him close, stroking him gently accelerates the flow of blood to his brain and prods the breathing mechanisms. So does the suckling he attempts from time to time.

Crying also is a breathing stimulus. If your baby cries suddenly he may be trying in his own way to stimulate his breathing mechanism.

But crying for more than a couple of minutes, you must remember, is exhausting; ascertain the cause and remedy it.

The newborn's mouth is equipped with special muscles having a strong sucking reflex, but the hazards of birth and of strange surroundings may add difficulties to first attempts. Your infant must learn through practice how to hold the nipple far back in his mouth, and you must learn how to hold him and support his head close to the breast so that his lips come well over the areola. Untried mouth muscles tire easily, and his natural rhythm during the early weeks of life is to nurse sparingly and often.

Your new infant does not actually sleep; he dozes in an uneasy continuation of the prenatal state. He does this most securely when his surroundings are most like that state, cuddled close in loving arms or nestled in a snug bassinet. He needs to be left pretty much undisturbed, so that he can continue the rapid growth which is taking place in his nervous system and brain. Gradually he will stay awake for brief intervals. Psychologists tell us that a baby must learn to stay awake before he will be able to re-

lax and get really normal slumber.

He needs time, this new baby of yours, to get used to life in the world. For a while, he needs an environment as similar as possible to his snug prenatal existence. Primitive mothers cuddle their babies beside them, or wrap them in slings and carry them against their own bodies.

Baby is accustomed to a stable temperature, and may cry if too much of his skin is exposed to chilling. He may also cry in fright if he is laid on a hard surface which does not yield to his body. He is used to very gentle motion, and is generally soothed by being rocked or carried. He is used to muted sounds. Even before birth a baby receives some sound vibrations, and may respond by body movement to regular rhythms, such as of music or applause in a theater. Now lullabies and soft crooning please him.

A baby is born in a state of semi-consciousness, and this state may continue for some time, with only brief periods of wakefulness when he is suckled or bathed. Slow and gentle his mother must be in waking him from the drowsy fog of prenatal existence to the satisfaction of being alive.



HOT ROD

A speaker was talking to a group of teen-agers about the old West. He remarked that Billy the Kid had killed 21 men by the time he was 21 years old. "Good heavens!" exclaimed one of his listeners. "What kind of a car did he drive?"

The Far East (June '57).



Catholic University of America art students display some of their work in Salve Regina gallery on campus. Much of their art is donated to needy parishes.

Father James A. Meuree, of Stamford, Texas, had a problem. He was building a tiny mission chapel on a tiny mission budget. He had only \$39,800 to spend, and he didn't think he was going to have anything left over for interior decoration.

John J. Luther, his architect, came up with the idea that solved the problem. With Father Meuree's enthusiastic permission, he wrote to Miss Clare Fontanini, head of the Art department at the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.

That was enough. A few months

later, when St. Ann's was formally dedicated, the church contained art specially designed for it by Catholic University art students. Total cost to the new church: the bare expenses of transportation and materials, about \$200. When Mr. Luther thanked Miss Fontanini, he wrote, "This art work made the church an outstanding piece of architecture."

Catholic University art students do not confine themselves to painting and sculpture. They make chalices, vestments, stations of the cross, mosaics, candlesticks—all the traditional adornments of God's house.

Church art belongs in church, so they don't let their work gather dust. They make a regular project of helping needy parishes.

St. Ann's is only one of many small churches which have received magnificent gifts from the students. When St. Mary's in Winnesboro, La., was being rebuilt after a fire, it received a statue of the Assumption by Clare Fontanini herself. St. John the Evangelist parish, in Woodstock, Va., received a mosaic. The 1957 graduates gave stations of the cross to a poor mission in Haiti.

Art for Our Churches

by John Jay Daly

Instructor Rufus Jacoby discusses the balance of a chalice being made by Florence Judge. Balance is one of the artist's chief problems in designing sacred vessels.

Photographs by
Carl E. Fontanini, Charles P. Ford,
and Reni Photos





Sister Jacqueline Dubay, O.S.C., and Evangeline Midouhas begin work on a series of copper-and-brass panels for St. Ann's church, Stamford, Texas.

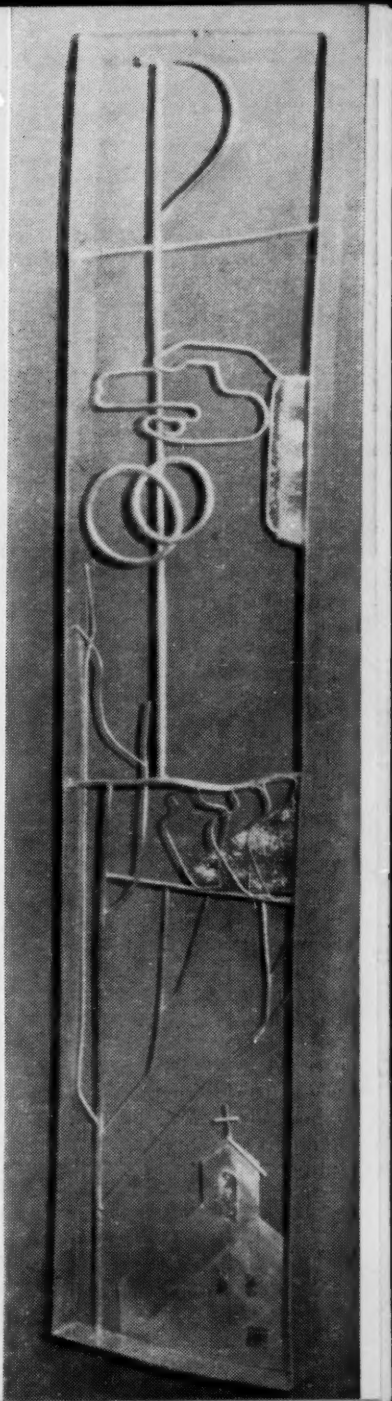


Art is not all ivory-tower work. These students had to learn annealing and soldering to finish their "Penance" panel.



Seven panels will symbolize seven sacraments. Here Sister Jacqueline and Miss Midouhas decide on the final touches for "Matrimony."

"Matrimony," one of the seven completed panels: a house within a church; the tree of life to represent the family; wine jugs for the wedding of Cana; two rings for the union of husband and wife; a hand for the priest's blessing—all under the Chi Rho, an ancient symbol of Christ.





Mother Carol and Miss Briggs have glazed the clay, fired it in a kiln. Now they are sitting in the sun outside the studio, breaking the tiles into little tesserae for mosaic work.



Dorothy Briggs and Mother Carol Putnam, R.S.C.J. prepare clay for tiles. They are starting work on a ceramic and gold mosaic, "Christ the High Priest," for St. John the Evangelist church, Woodstock, Va.



Guided by a rough sketch, Miss Briggs and Mother Carol start the tedious work of fitting the tesserae into the mosaic pattern. "It's like doing a seven-foot jigsaw puzzle," says Mother Carol.

But I Do Mind Criticism!

*The faults I know about will
keep me busy until 1998*

EVERY NOW AND THEN somebody takes me aside, and (for my own good, of course) proceeds to tell me what's wrong with me. I've been told, tactfully, that I'm a snob, a soft touch, an old woman; that I talk too much and that I have almost everything wrong with me except kleptomania, boll weevil, and webbed feet.

When a person who tells me this has made me feel like a bum, he says, "I know you'd much rather I told you about it to your face."

As a matter of fact, I wouldn't. I'd rather he said it behind my back. That way he could get it off his chest without unloading it onto mine.

Don't get me wrong. I know I'm not perfect; the faults I know about will keep me busy till 1998. It's just that I've found out that people criticize me more for their own good than for mine.

The fellow down the road who borrows my spade, electric fan, and spare tire came over the other day for my power mower. After I'd



hoisted it into his trunk, he took me aside, and a look of pain went over his face.

"You know me," he says. "I'm blunt. There's no point just telling a friend the things he wants to hear, is there?" I shook my head.

"It's better to speak right out to your face than to do it behind your back, isn't it?"

By now I was sweating.

"It's just that—well, I thought you ought to know that the fellows are saying you're a, well, a cheap-skate."

*Washington Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. March, 1957. © 1957 by Farm Journal, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Perhaps he really wishes to help me, I thought wildly, and let him go on. But the fact is, he didn't wish to criticize: he gave himself a tonic. Every time he told me about something wrong with me, he felt more honest.

When at last he left, I felt like crawling inside a haystack, while he felt as if he had treated his conscience to a rubdown, a shower, and a steak dinner.

For a week I went around feeling as if a button had come loose somewhere, while my neighbor was never happier. He had attached his own weakness onto me, for most criticism is a form of talking to ourselves. We often criticize the faults in others that we're a bit worried about having ourselves.

One of the most chilling critics is the silent one. I frequently meet this type in gatherings where I am at a loss for something to talk about. For example, I may be trying to make conversation with a woman to whom I have been introduced at a ladies' aid party. I tell her, perhaps, about buying a new car, feeling a bit guilty about having spent all that money. I'll say, "I figured I just had to trade in the old one. I was afraid to drive it any more."

She smiles, letting her eyes dart around my face as if looking for gnats.

"Nearly 100,000 miles on it," I say, getting more rattled. She gives a little shake of her head.

"You just have to keep buying

things you can't afford, in this world," I chatter, my voice rising a bit.

"Would you care for a roll?" she says, letting me fall right into the hole I have dug.

There are more trick ways of pretending we are criticizing people for their own good than there are ways to crowd into a line at a supermarket. I know one man who uses criticism like a yo-yo, dropping it without letting go of the string. He criticizes people who criticize me, while looking as innocent as if he were making a daisy chain for a kindergarten class.

"Don't get the idea I agree with them," he says. "I've never said a word against you." The way he says it gives the impression that he has had plenty of opportunity and plenty to say. He makes me feel just a jump ahead of Jack the Ripper by sticking up for me.

Critics who honestly intend to help others probably do live on this earth, along with people who quietly dedicate their lives to the welfare of man, but the chance of meeting one on an average day is about as likely as getting a Confederate half dollar in change.

I've seen some habitual critics deliver their good, blunt opinions with the glee of an urchin delivering a frozen snowball. "Well, it's the truth, isn't it?" they'll say triumphantly.

The real truth is, there's nothing wrong with beating around the

bush. It has taken civilization thousands of years to develop social shrubs to hide behind. Civilization isn't built on just honestly doing what we feel like doing, or we'd still be collecting each other's heads.

I know the vital part that criticism plays in learning. It has its place, like insect spray, and should be used the same way: by experts, privately, sparingly, with great caution, after covering up food, sensitive people, pets, and plants.

One time I lived next door to the most disorganized man I've ever met. He ran a farm so unsuccessfully that the county agent made regular visits just to keep up on the new blights, bugs, and soil problems. He was a cheery man, though, and was always waving to me from a scaffold or from a hole in the ground or from a tree branch he was sawing off. (I don't recall that he ever did say Hello from the ground level.)

One time his wife decided to take up painting. I happened to be at his home the night she shyly produced her first three canvases. She nearly died of self-consciousness waiting for her husband's comments. He gave them.

"Look, Phyl, let's be honest," he said. "They're—well, frankly, they're awful. I can't tell the cows from the boulders. But keep at it, honey."

He turned to me and said, "She

can get people—a dime a dozen—to flatter her. I'm her honest critic. What's the point of doing a thing if you're not doing it right?" he asked, fearlessly looking out at the weeds in his cornfield.

His wife smiled thoughtfully, took her paintings, and carefully wrapped the garbage in them. She never painted again.

What this man missed, of course, was that even though her paintings were full of faults, she would have corrected those faults with time and still would be enjoying painting. Getting a hunk of honest criticism, at the wrong time, has stopped more people than an upturned garden rake in a dark driveway.

We can get free criticism anywhere, any time. Ask for good honest criticism and people's eyes brighten; they sink back in their chairs and begin, "Well, if you really want to know. This isn't going to be easy," and a look of pain crosses their faces. It's amazing the pain people have endured just to tell me the facts.

The truth is that for everything that can be accomplished by showing a person where he's wrong, ten times as much can be accomplished by showing him where he's right. The reason we don't do it so often is that it's more fun to throw a rock through a window than to put in a pane of glass.

★

Gentleman farmer: one with more hay in the bank than in the barn.
From *It Happened Last Night* by Earl Wilson (© Hall Syndicate 27 March '57).

Have Organizations Helped?

Fifteenth in a series of articles on the Catholic Digest Survey of the race problem in the U. S.

IS IT O.K., then, if I put you down for a place on one of our committees?" That mild request has caused more than one cocktail-hour political sage to stop in mid-oration and mutter a clumsy something about his evenings being all tied up right now, but thanks anyway.

It isn't hard to find Americans with strong opinions on most social and political questions. But only a comparatively small percentage of those who feel strongly about such matters are willing to transmute thought into action. Only a few of them ever get around to joining organizations dedicated to the promotion of their ideas.

Yet, as will be obvious to anyone who considers only the changes that have taken place in his own community within his lifetime, little progress would occur without the labors of the zealous few who do join organizations. It isn't hard to have opinions, especially those reasonable facsimiles of opinions which can be discarded at the end of an evening to make room for a new set. It is much harder to commit one's self to steady, drudging

service under the banner of a single idea. But unless we always had citizens coming forward to make such commitments, the average social cause would progress with the speed of the three-toed sloth.

Organizations have been active in efforts to solve the Negro-white problem for a long time. When the research firm of Ben Gaffin & Associates carried out their survey of public opinion on the race problem for THE CATHOLIC DIGEST, they tried to learn what people thought about the activities of certain organizations. Two of the organizations they asked about were the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), and the National Urban League.

The NAACP has been vigorously fighting for social and political equality for the Negro since 1909. Its constantly reiterated theme has been that any attack on Negroes' rights as American citizens is an attack on American democratic principles, and therefore an attack on white Americans as well as Negroes.

The organization has national offices in New York City and

branches in cities throughout the country. It makes use of techniques traditional among protest organizations in the U.S. It carefully scrutinizes both state and national legislation, and carries on systematic lobbying in state capitals and in Washington.

Some of the most effective work of the NAACP has been in the field of legal redress. When Negroes are being deprived of civil rights because of local discriminatory laws or practices, the NAACP will bring test cases into the courts. For example, it was principally the long and expensive legal battle waged by the NAACP that brought to Negroes in the South the chance to send their children to unsegregated schools.

The very nature of its work has made the NAACP an aggressive organization. It has placed a strong emphasis on publicity, on the theory that the American public as a whole is repelled by injustice and cruelty. The crusading spirit of the organization is suggested in remarks made by the late Walter White, executive officer of the NAACP for many years, in a speech given in Oklahoma City, Okla., in 1952: "We know that we may not win full equality tomorrow. But we are going to continue fighting for it with every democratic weapon at our command, and we will never let up in that fight. Let us never forget that it is better to die on our feet than to live on our knees."

The CATHOLIC DIGEST survey re-

veals that while opinion is divided over the NAACP, most Americans have heard of it and know what it stands for. Only 9% of white people in the North and 7% of whites in the South say that they have never heard of it; and the number of Negroes who have never heard of it is negligible.

As might be expected, there is a strong contrast between the opinions of northern and southern white people on the work of the NAACP. Persons interviewed were asked, "Do you think the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the NAACP, helps, hurts, or makes no difference in solving the Negro-white problem?"

It was found that only 10% of the whites outside the South think that the NAACP hurts solution of the problem. But a majority (54%) of white Southerners think that the organization hurts the solution. (As in previous parts of the survey, it is important to keep in mind that different persons mean different things by "solution." For many white Southerners, equality for Negroes represents not a solution to but a worsening of the present situation.)

NAACP:	WHITES		NEGROES	
	North	South	North	South
Helps	67%	19%	94%	93%
No difference	6	5	2	2
Hurts	10	54	1	2
No opinion	8	15	3	3
Never heard of it	9	7	—	*

*Less than 1/2%

It is sometimes asserted that many Negroes, especially in the South,

are not in favor of the campaign carried on by the NAACP. Persons who are opposed to publicizing the Negro-white problem have been heard to say, "The fact is, a lot of Negroes would rather not have an organization antagonizing people and stirring things up for them."

The CATHOLIC DIGEST survey shows, however, that Negroes in both the South and the North give the NAACP an overwhelming vote of confidence. Among northern Negroes, 94% think that the NAACP helps to solve the race problem; among southern Negroes, 93% think that it helps. Only 1% of northern Negroes and 2% of southern Negroes think that it hurts.

Another organization that has been active on behalf of the Negro for many years is the National Urban league. The league is a national service agency with local units throughout the U. S. It does 90% of its work with Negroes. Local agencies try to make it easier for Negroes to get better jobs and decent housing, and concern themselves in general with the health and prosperity of our Negro population.

The league does not carry on the direct-action kind of program conducted by the NAACP. Its main techniques are research and persuasion. When it discovers that a company never employs Negroes, for example, it will set out to prove to the employer that his policy is economically unsound. In the field of race

relations, the organization carries on an extremely skillful form of civic diplomacy. In fact, it has been wittily remarked by members of the group that in Negro affairs "the NAACP is the War department and the Urban league is the State department."

The survey reveals that while the Urban league is quite well known among Negroes, most white people have never heard of it. The name of the organization rings no bell with 63% of white Northerners and 67% of white Southerners. But only 12% of northern Negroes and 24% of southern Negroes say that they have never heard of it.

A large majority of Negroes interviewed (75% in the North, 65% in the South) say that the activities of the Urban league help in solution of the race problem. Only 1% in the North and 2% in the South (just as with Negro opinion on the NAACP) think that its work hampers the solution.

	WHITES		NEGROES	
	North	South	North	South
Urban League: North	14%	3%	75%	65%
Helps	3	2	3	2
No difference	5	11	1	2
Hurts	15	17	9	7
No opinion	63	67	12	24
Never heard of it				

It is noteworthy that 22% of northern whites living in mixed neighborhoods say that the Urban league helps the solution; none of the northern whites in mixed neighborhoods say it hurts. This fact is a tribute to the work of the league in improving race relations on the neighborhood level.

It is hardly surprising that the Urban league should be less well known than the NAACP. Not only is its work less likely to keep the organization in the headlines, but the name itself is not so likely to capture attention. Nobody has to be told what an organization called the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is trying to do; but the name Urban league might suggest to the uninformed an organization devoted to city planning or general philanthropic effort. The less challenging name is not, of course, necessarily to the disadvantage of the Urban league, since its approach to race problems must remain a less militant one than that of the NAACP.

Not all organizations concerned with the Negro-white problem are interested in improving the lot of the Negro. Some have dedicated themselves to keeping the Negro in what members of such organizations like to call "his place." (One segregationist group has even called itself the National Association for the Advancement of White People.)

Over the years, the group chiefly identified in the minds of Americans with anti-Negro activity has been the Ku Klux Klan. There have been several organizations of that name. The first Klan movement occurred during the period after the Civil war, as an expression of southern resistance to reconstruction and Negro voting. Its power dwindled gradually after 1869.

The second Ku Klux Klan was organized in 1915. It developed strong support in the 1920's. Since it was more versatile in its hates than the original Klan, it did not confine its activities to the South but spread throughout the nation. "Native Americanism" was a slogan of the second Klan along with "white supremacy," and the organization was antagonistic not only to Negroes, but to Jews, Catholics, and other minority groups. A Congressional investigation in 1921 revealed that the Klan had a membership of about 100,000. Its power declined during the closing years of the 20's.

There have been several attempts to revive the Klan since the close of the 2nd World War. The present organization apparently had strong hopes of exploiting southern bitterness following the Supreme Court's decision on segregation in the public schools. (The successive Klans have always fed on discontent and resentment: the brand of patriotism they foster may not be the last refuge of a scoundrel, but it is often the first refuge of the frustrated.) But it has had little success in winning back any measure of the respectability the hooded brethren once enjoyed in the South.

The Klansmen's claim that their activity is endorsed by white Southerners generally is demolished by the findings of the CATHOLIC DIGEST survey. The question was this: "Do you think the Ku Klux Klan

helps, hurts, or makes no difference in solving the Negro-white problem?" A majority (54%) of white people in the South said that it hurt the solution. Even among male white Southerners previously classified as "most prejudiced," 39% thought that the work of the Klan has been detrimental.

	WHITES		NEGROES	
	North	South	North	South
<i>Ku Klux Klan</i> : North	4%	11%	2%	2%
Helps	3	4	1	2
No difference ..	68	54	93	91
Hurts	20	25	3	3
No opinion	5	6	1	2
Never heard of it	5	6	1	2

The present Ku Klux Klan finds itself somewhat in the position of

an evicted ghost in a hand-me-down sheet, gloomily surveying the mansion that was haunted with some success by its ancestors. It purports to promote Americanism; yet decent Americanism has rejected it. Like similar groups, it has found that the majority of Americans, whatever their differences of opinion, want no part of a patriotism which is nurtured on hate. Such groups inevitably discover that most Americans prefer to see their country as one American saw it when he described the U. S. as "the land where hate expires."

RUSES OF ADVERSITY

A man walked into a barbershop and asked for a shave. The chief barber's bright young assistant spoke up and said to the boss, "May I try shaving him? It'll be good practice for me."

"All right, go ahead," replied the man of experience somewhat doubtfully. "But be careful. Don't cut yourself."

Pageant (July '57).

A certain shabbily dressed critic was leaving the theater after a first-night performance. The producer stood near, chatting with a friend from out of town. As the critic passed by, the producer jerked a thumb in his direction and muttered, "You'll scarcely believe this, but that man going by is X, the famous critic. He's quite an eccentric. Doesn't that suit look as if it had just been slept in?"

"It has," replied the critic, who had overheard the remark. "After all, you must remember I've just attended your show."

Walter Newsome.

"Gladys," said her mother in reproachful tones, "you're a very vain little girl. You are always looking at yourself in the mirror. You don't see me looking in the mirror all the time, do you?"

"No, mother, I don't," replied Gladys. "But then you don't have to. You can see me any time you want to without looking in the mirror."

Quote (19 May '57).



RETZ AND I were radio operators during the war. After our landing in Sicily, he asked me, "How is it I've never heard you curse?"

"Oh, I say things under my breath sometimes, but I try never to use God's name in vain," I said, adding, "Maybe it's because I'm a Catholic."

The very next day our captain, a Catholic, dressed us down in language that singed our ears. When he finished, Retz said evenly, "A Catholic shouldn't talk like that."

The captain actually blushed; but to his eternal credit he held out his hand, saying, "Thanks! Sometimes it takes an outsider to remind one."

Retz didn't like that word *outsider*. A few days later he told me he was taking instructions. He was baptized in a tent near Palermo, and I was the proud sponsor. F.L.R.

MOTHER'S SEARCH for religious truth was long and difficult, but near the end it moved with the speed of jet propulsion—and in her seizing of the faith she knocked down the man who was to become her husband.

Mother's parents were anti-Catholic in every sense of the phrase. They

believed fantastic stories about priests, nuns, Catholicism in general. But mother doubted the stories.

She took to making visits to a Catholic church during her lunch hour, first for reassurance through watching Catholics at their devotions. She would have been horsewhipped had her parents known. Gradually the church changed into a place of contentment and then into a place of prayer. One day, mother prayed for a husband, yes, a good Catholic husband.

Finishing the prayer, she felt impelled to visit the rectory. Furtively, she made her way to it, saw the door was open, and flew up the stairs, hoping no acquaintance had seen her. She took a last look backward as she came through the door, and crashed into the arms of a young man. Both fell flat in front of the pastor.

Thus did mother receive an immediate answer to her prayer for a husband. Laughing heartily, the priest helped them both to their feet, and my blushing, apologetic mother made her arrangements for instructions.

Marie Barry.

WHILE COMING OUT of the anesthetic after a serious operation, a non-Catholic patient in our hospital heard the convent choir singing at Benediction in the chapel above her. Unaware, in her condition, of the outcome of her operation, she thought she was in heaven, so beautiful did the singing seem to her. Finally fully awake and realizing that she was still on earth, she did some deep thinking about the "heavenly" singers and the faith they professed. She asked many questions, then requested instructions.

Sister M. Joan of Arc.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church \$25 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be returned.]

Fulton's Folly

The Henry Ford of steam abandoned painting for engineering

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY years ago, on Aug. 17, 1807, a skeptical crowd of sightseers gathered at the foot of Cortlandt St. in New York City. Robert Fulton, then living just a few blocks away on State St. facing the Battery, had announced that his steamboat would depart that morning on a voyage up the Hudson to Albany.

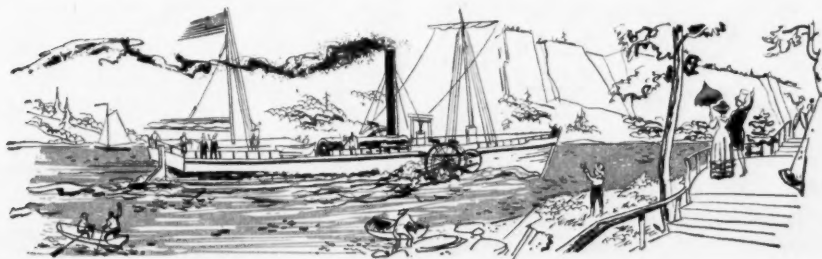
There were hardly 30 persons in all Manhattan who expected anything but a comic failure. The steamboat was an odd-looking craft. Its emergency sails looked like the only dependable feature in her design. Otherwise, the two queer paddle wheels on either side of the long, low, box-like hull (133 feet x 13 feet), and the exposed engine, boiler, and firebox on the open deck, made "Fulton's Folly" seem

a madman's contraption, dangerous to life and limb.

Some one described the steamboat as "an ungainly craft looking precisely like a backwoods sawmill mounted on a scow and set on fire."

Fulton remembered later the sarcastic shouts from the wharf as the crew cast off bow and stern lines, and he applied steam power to the paddle wheels. Disbelief turned to astonishment, then to wild enthusiasm, as the boat moved steadily upstream. She majestically ignored the current and a head wind that had other upriver boats tacking from one shore to the other, and disappeared at a fantastic five miles an hour.

News of her progress traveled overland faster than the steamboat could puff. All along her course,



farmers and townfolk abandoned whatever they were doing to watch the new marvel. Years later, Thurlow Weed, eminent journalist-politician, recalled the excitement of the day. As a nine-year-old printer's devil with a nose for news, he had swum out to an island in the river to get a closer look at the boat.

In 24 hours, Fulton and his party of faithful friends and workers travelled 110 miles upstream. They tied up overnight at the country estate of Fulton's patron and partner, Chancellor Robert R. Livingston. The next morning they continued the trip to Albany, making the remaining 40 miles in about eight hours. This time an American correspondent of the English *Naval Chronicle* was aboard. He sent home a highly favorable account of the steamboat, "unquestionably the most pleasant boat I ever went in. The mind is free from suspense. Perpetual motion authorizes you to calculate on a certain time to land; her works move with all the facility of a clock; and the noise when on board is not greater than that of a vessel sailing with a good breeze."

He mentioned the great crowds on the hills and along the shore. What all those people were watching was the discovery of one of the keys to the opening of a continent. It was a means of river transport that would be speedy, punctual, inexpensive, and free from dependence on oars, current or winds.

Fulton was looking far beyond the New York-Albany run. The U. S., under President Jefferson, had just acquired Louisiana. Fulton's partner, Chancellor Livingston, had negotiated the purchase when he was minister to France. Writing to Joel Barlow immediately after the steamboat's maiden voyage, Fulton said, "It will give a cheap and quick conveyance to the merchants of the Mississippi, Missouri, and other great rivers which are now laying open their treasures to the enterprise of our countrymen."

Within four years, Nicholas Roosevelt, a friend of Fulton's, built a steamboat at Pittsburgh, on the model of Fulton's original craft. The *New Orleans* went down the Ohio and the Mississippi, all the way to the delta, in 14 days. It was the first of the romantic line of steam-powered river boats, whose epic story during their golden age was to be told by Mark Twain in *Life on the Mississippi*.

By 1812, Fulton was corresponding with agents abroad, trying to put his steamboats into England and Russia, and even on the Ganges in far-off India. But he was not so farsighted as to miss opportunities right under his nose. Crossing the Hudson and the East rivers to New Jersey or Long Island was an affliction to New Yorkers who had to depend on rowboats or uncertain sailing luggers.

Fulton constructed a double-

ended steam ferryboat. It could carry eight carriages or wagons, 29 horses, and 400 passengers. It ran every half hour and made the crossing in 15 minutes. By 1812, two of the ferryboats were in the Jersey service, and one crossed the East river to Brooklyn. A road connected the two ferries by 1816, and it was named Fulton St.

Fulton was not the inventor of the steamboat. He never laid claim to that honor, which belonged to John Fitch. As early as 1787, Fitch had demonstrated a steam-powered boat on the Delaware, before an assembly of delegates to the Constitutional Convention, then sitting in Philadelphia. In 1790 he had a steamer keeping a regular schedule on the trip to Burlington, N.J., and return, three and one-half hours each way.

But Fitch's boat disappeared after one season. It worked, but the cost of operation was too great to be covered by any possible revenue from passengers and freight. Fulton's steamboat, rebuilt, strengthened, and named the *Clermont*, after Livingston's estate, made a tidy profit year after year, at rates that made it competitive with land transport. Fulton's design was economically sound; Fitch's was not.

It is entirely possible that Fulton saw the construction and first trials of Fitch's steamboat. In 1786, Fulton was a young man of 21, a miniature portrait painter, living and working at 2nd and Chestnut, not

a quarter of a mile from the Arch St. wharf, where Fitch made his early unofficial runs. Again, there is no question of his having stolen another man's idea. Fulton never asked for anything but an exclusive franchise for 20 years on various rivers, that he might recover his investment and make a reasonable profit.

In the field of steamboat development, Fulton was like Henry Ford with automobiles, a man able to put a new thing within the reach of all at a price that nearly all could pay.

There was a strongly original bent to Fulton's mind. But his innovations were most striking in the submarine boats he invented and operated, and in the method he devised for firing torpedoes under water. His name stands high in the history of the submarine. The navy recognized it by putting his name on the third of the small subs it began to construct in the 1890's, before adopting the letter and numeral classification. The atomic submarine *Nautilus* bears the same name as Fulton's "plunging boat," which he built in 1800 for Napoleon's government and operated with success in the English Channel.

It seems odd nowadays that a successful portrait painter should abandon his art abruptly for engineering, as Fulton did in 1793, at the age of 28. But it was not so unusual a thing in the early part of the last century. Samuel F. B. Morse,

inventor of the telegraph, had been an excellent artist, one of the best of his day in America. Francis Drexel was an established painter long before he founded a great banking dynasty in Philadelphia.

Robert Fulton was born in 1765 in Little Britain, one of those eastern-Pennsylvania townships with names (like Limerick or Dublin) which indicate the origin of the first 18th-century settlers. He grew up in the city of Lancaster, and was a lively boy of 12 when Congress moved there briefly, after the British occupied Philadelphia in 1777.

Five years later, Fulton went to Philadelphia alone. He was 17, and it was high time to learn a trade and make a career for himself. He worked for a silversmith and jeweler in the vicinity of 2nd and Chestnut, a neighborhood of the old city which swarmed with artists and engravers. It may have been engraving which helped bridge the gap. At any rate, within four years he became a portrait painter, specializing in miniatures.

Just up Chestnut St., halfway to Independence hall from Fulton's lodgings, was the entrance to Franklin court and the house of Dr. Benjamin Franklin. Although one of the most celebrated men in the world, Dr. Franklin had not forgotten that he, too, had once been young and friendless in Philadelphia. He let Fulton paint his portrait, and introduced him to other likely customers.

He also seems to have recommended study abroad. Franklin himself had gone to London as a youth, to perfect his knowledge of printing. He gave Fulton a letter to Benjamin West, another Pennsylvanian, who was historical painter to George III and had been the teacher of Gilbert Stuart.

Towards the end of 1786, Fulton sailed for London. He had \$200 in gold in his pocket, and had just bought his mother a farm. For a young man of 21, he was doing well.

West made him welcome. Seven years later, Fulton had a secure position. He was doing family portraits for Lord Courtenay, and had exhibited at the Royal academy, of which his patron West was now president. And at this point, in 1793, Fulton chose to abandon art for engineering.

For the next six years, he was caught up in the canal boom of the period. In every country with sufficient water supply, it was expected that a network of small barge canals would solve the problems of transportation. Fulton moved to Manchester, the center of the new industrial England. There he joined a circle of young men who afterward made their marks in various ways; Robert Owen, cotton spinner and social reformer; John Dalton, founder of the atomic theory in chemistry; Samuel Taylor Coleridge, author of *The Ancient Mariner*.

Fulton's canal projects came to nothing, though they did find him a partner with money to invest. Even his own state, Pennsylvania, adopted the hard-surfaced turnpike instead of the barge canal as the principal means of cheap transportation. And the first turnpike ever built in America ran from Philadelphia to Fulton's old home town, Lancaster.

In 1797, Fulton crossed to France, and established himself in Paris. There he attempted to interest General Bonaparte in the benefits of his small-canal system. He had no success, but his proposal to build a submarine which could destroy the English fleet aroused more attention. The French naval department financed such a boat in 1800, and Fulton cruised the Channel briefly. But English intelligence was too good. They knew everything he was doing as soon as he started, and it was impossible to get near a British ship.

Meanwhile, to keep himself going, Fulton took up his brushes again and painted a huge panorama, *The Burning of Moscow*. For years, this painting was one of the sights of the boulevards, and returned a steady income in admission fees. More important, it was the means of bringing Fulton in touch with Robert R. Livingston, American minister to France. Livingston's brother went to see it, and fell into conversation with the painter and proprietor.

In 1802, Fulton and Livingston signed a partnership deed in Paris, specifically for construction of a boat "to run between New York and Albany at the rate of eight miles per hour in still water." Fulton was to go to England for the experimental work, chiefly because only Boulton & Watt of London could make the steam engine he wanted. But the first trial demonstration took place at Paris on the Seine in the summer of 1803, with a borrowed engine.

This time Fulton's boat attracted Napoleon's keen interest. But it was too late. In the spring of 1804, Fulton went back to England. Although France and England were then at peace, the British government refused to permit the export of steam engines. On the other hand, the British hoped to get Fulton on their side. His torpedoes had alarmed the Admiralty.

As a neutral, Fulton had no objection to testing his devices against the invasion fleet Napoleon had assembled at Boulogne, particularly since Bonaparte the liberal had turned into Bonaparte the tyrant. But French intelligence seems to have been just as good as the British. All attempts failed. Then Nelson's victory at Trafalgar in October, 1805, ended all fear of French sea power.

By early 1807, Fulton was back in the U. S. whence his fame had preceded him. The American Philosophical society in Philadelphia

elected him to membership. He made a few further efforts with his torpedoes, for the benefit of the American government, but the steamboat occupied him fully until its success in August, 1807.

He was married in 1808 to Harriet Livingston, a cousin of the Clermont Livingstons, and died in 1815, of a cold contracted while

he was inspecting the first steam-powered war vessel. This ship was of his own design and its development had been stimulated by the war of 1812. It featured his own invention, guns that could fire under water. Peace came before the vessel could see action. But with this warship, too, Fulton was far ahead of his time.



NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

Perhaps you think of words as merely letters thrown aimlessly together. Actually they are composed of meaningful roots. And words are often members of "family groups." One of the best ways of increasing your vocabulary is to learn some of these family relationships. *Portare* in Latin means to carry. Of the many words built from this root (*port*), 12 are listed below. Try to match Column A with Column B.

Column A

1. *disport*
2. *deportment*
3. *portamento*
4. *portfolio*
5. *portative*
6. *transport*
7. *import*
8. *export*
9. *portmanteau*
10. *deportee*
11. *portly*
12. *portage*

Column B

- a) To carry or send abroad.
- b) To carry from one place to another, as by rail.
- c) A case for carrying loose papers.
- d) Cost of carrying; a carrying of boats overland between navigable waters.
- e) Behavior; manner of "carrying" oneself.
- f) An individual expelled from a country.
- g) To carry wares into a country.
- h) To amuse, make merry; to "carry away" from work.
- i) In music, a continuous carrying of one note into another; a glide.
- j) Capable of holding or carrying.
- k) A bag for carrying clothes; a word formed by "carrying" together two words (as *smog* from *smoke* and *fog*).
- l) Originally, having a stately carriage; now, stout, obese.

(Answers on page 127.)

John and His Gospel

*Divine, Eagle, Son of Thunder, Pillar
of the Church are only some of the titles
by which the 4th Evangelist is known*

JOHN MIGHT WELL have prayed, "God save me from Christian art!" Some of the statues of the great Apostle and Evangelist suggest an effeminate, beardless weakling, languishing with sentimental love. Probably the sculptors were trying to express the contemplative side of John's character. But that is only one facet in a rich personality.

His own Gospel shows that John had a dynamic, magnetic personality, that he was a natural leader among men. That was why Christ chose him to be his Apostle; that was why He loved him so much.

Doubtless, John was a mystic. But his mysticism was not of the sickly sort. John had a virile ardor which rivaled St. Peter's. The saint was, after all, a fisherman, and fishing is no trade for the dreamy-eyed. John needed physical strength to fight the storms that so frequently arise on the Lake of Galilee. The men of Galilee were by nature down-to-earth, practical people; St. John was no exception.

The Galileans were also a quick-



tempered, emotional race. They often incited riots against the hated Roman conquerors. And this fiery temperament so obvious in Peter and Paul (indeed, Christ Himself shared the emotions of those people, as we see in his weeping over Lazarus and his anger at the money-changers) was also characteristic of John.

One time John and his brother James went ahead to prepare the way for Christ's visit to a village in Samaria. They were rejected; and the two brothers begged Christ to

*Prepared especially for THE CATHOLIC DIGEST by the Paulist Writers' bureau.

destroy the village by fire. But Christ restrained their impetuosity: "You know not of what spirit you are."

The Apostles called John and James the Sons of Thunder. They would have laughed at the effeminate images some Christian artists create to depict John.

Everyone agrees that Peter was a man's man. John must have been like him, for he and Peter were lifelong friends. They were partners in their fishing business. They were together throughout Christ's ministry. And at the Last Supper, when Peter wanted to learn who was to betray Christ, he asked through his friend John, the favorite of Christ. Peter and John ran together to the tomb on Easter Sunday morning. (In his eagerness, John outran the first Pope!) In the Acts of the Apostles, the two are often mentioned together, as the "pillars of the Church." The fact that there is no mention of anything like resentment at Christ's love for John implies that John was a universal favorite among the Apostles.

John's intensity dominates his personality. Before he met Christ, he and Peter's brother Andrew were disciples of John the Baptist. Later, when Christ came upon John mending his nets by the lake shore, He invited John to leave all things and follow Him. The young man gave his vocation a generous, enthusiastic response. He did all things wholeheartedly, and in this instance

he consecrated a lifetime of service.

After Christ had ascended into heaven, John pursued a long, eventful apostolate. He preached Christ in Jerusalem fearlessly. When the Jewish rulers scourged him, he rejoiced that he had been found worthy to suffer for the name of Jesus. He spread the Church through Judea, Samaria, and Galilee. Finally, he helped extend the "good news" of Christ into Asia Minor.

In his old age, the Romans captured the Apostle and immersed him in a caldron of boiling oil, but he did not die. The Emperor Domitian exiled him to the island of Patmos, where he wrote his Apocalypse, the conclusion of the New Testament. At length, he returned to Ephesus, where, at the request of his people, he wrote his Gospel, the fruit of a lifetime of contemplation.

Because of his Gospel, St. John is often called "the divine." His portrayal of Christ differs considerably from the accounts of the other Evangelists. They were interested in describing the foundation of the Church, but John was more concerned with the divinity of the Church's Founder. Matthew, Mark, and Luke emphasize Christ's life in Galilee, but John stresses his ministry in Judea. A striking example of John's obvious knowledge of the other Gospels, and his desire to fill in the gaps they leave, is that he relates Christ's promise of the Holy Eucharist, omitted by the oth-

ers, but does not himself record the actual institution of the sacrament as they do.

John follows the same basic outline as the other Evangelists, and writes about the same historical facts; but he allows his own personality and mystical experience to color what he recounts. He himself gives us, just before the close of his Gospel, his purpose in writing: "Many other signs also Jesus worked in the sight of his disciples, which are not written in this book. But these are written that you may believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing you may have life in his name."

The 4th Evangelist wanted to confirm in their faith the Christians who already believed in Christ. Tradition tells us that he was opposing two groups of early heretics: the Docetists, who denied that Christ had a true human nature; and the Ebionites, who held that the divinity dwelt in Christ only from his baptism until his passion. As a result, John brings the Person of Christ into relief; a true human nature united to the one Word of God. He orders all events, miracles, and his own intuitions in line with this purpose. The result is a vision of Christ so radiantly glorious that we are left in reverential awe.

Because he scaled such heights, John is always symbolized by the eagle. St. Augustine warns us to pray before reading so sublime an author.

St. Clement wrote: "Last of all, John, perceiving that the external facts had been plain in the Gospels, being urged by his friends and inspired by the Spirit, composed a spiritual Gospel." This term "spiritual Gospel" has remained, but we must not interpret it to mean that St. John's account is not historical. It simply means that John took the basic facts of Christ's life which were especially demonstrative of his divinity. Instead of mentioning Christ's earthly genealogy, for instance, John relates the generation of the Son of God from all eternity.

John brings out the symbolism latent in the events of Christ's life. He clothes the Gospel message in theological-mystical concepts, such as light and life. Christ is the Light that enlightens every man who comes into the world, and this Light is the Life of men. Only the Holy Spirit could have enabled John to arrive at such ideas. Inspired by God Himself, John saw the future as though it were present, the flesh as though it were spirit.

But John always realized that he was merely an instrument in God's hands, a human witness of heavenly mysteries. He tells us in his 1st Epistle, "I write of what was from the beginning, what we have heard, what we have seen with our eyes, what we have looked upon and our hands have handled: of the Word of Life. And the Life was made known and we have seen, and now

testify and announce to you the Life eternal which was with the Father, and has appeared to us."

John did not have to search written documents or interview Christ's contemporaries to learn the facts of which he wrote. He himself was an eyewitness, and he had the perspective of 50 years and the fruit of loving contemplation to deepen his memory before he wrote his Gospel. Enlightened by the Holy Spirit, and saturated with Revelation, he pours forth his conviction that Jesus is both God and Man; and that believing in Him men may gain eternal life!

And in the midst of it all, John consistently hides his own identity.

Never once in his life of Christ does he mention his own name! He was possessed by his love for Christ. Like John the Baptist, he wanted only to decrease as his Master increased.

The Gospel of St. John has been called the most marvelous book ever written. But when we admire the depths of its profundity, we must not lose sight of the human traits that make John so attractive. These were an impetuosity coupled with ardor; devotion joined with selfless generosity; and crowning them all, a vibrancy, a vigor, an intensity that makes John live for us in his Gospel, as he traces the life upon earth of the Word made flesh.



CHOPS ON FRIDAY

Several years ago, when I was a patient in a TB sanatorium, I had the misfortune to acquire an additional temporary ailment which restricted my diet to meats prepared in only one way—broiled. After five days of eating broiled lamb chops, I half expected to hear myself bleat, and I was looking forward to Friday because at least it would provide a change in menu.

However, on Friday's dinner tray appeared the inevitable lamb chops. In addition to my current animosity toward lamb, both habit and conscience made it distasteful for me to eat meat, even though I knew that illness can sometimes excuse one from the laws of fast and abstinence.

As I was sitting there glaring at my plate, it suddenly dawned on me that the woman in the bed next to mine might enjoy the chops. In that hospital they were served only infrequently and were considered by most patients a treat.

So I asked, "Would you care to trade your fish for my chops? I'm a Catholic and my conscience will feel better after eating fish, even though my digestion may not."

The other woman was delighted to make the trade and obviously enjoyed the unexpected entree. After she had finished she leaned back complacently and said, "I wonder what my fellow Mormons would think of me for being so glad that the world is full of conscientious Catholics?" Mrs. C. F. O'Brien.

By Jack Ryan
*Condensed from the "Family Weekly"**

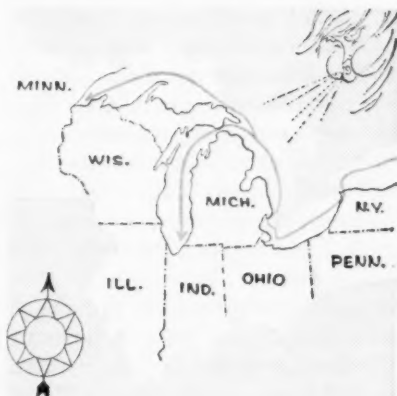
The Ocean Comes to Mid-America

The seaway battle was long and bitter, but deep-sea ships will soon sail the Great Lakes

THE ST. LAWRENCE seaway will be the most expensive stairway ever built. And, in the opinion of some business leaders, it is one on which our economy could take a painful tumble. A billion dollars eventually will be spent shifting the geography of a 150-mile international strip and rearranging the economy of half of the continent.

The main objective of the project is to bring big ships, up to 10,000 tons, from the ocean to the inner Great Lakes, some 600 feet higher than the Atlantic Ocean entrance.

To build locks, dams, and canals, the "steps" to such ports as Detroit, Toledo, and Duluth, some 6,000 workmen and about 3,000 pieces of machinery will move 150 million tons of earth, cleave an island in half, and turn turbulent rapids into a placid lake. When they are through in 1959, a shipping bottleneck around Massena, N.Y., that dates back to the Ice age will be broken; for the first time, large



deep-sea vessels will call on Mid-American ports.

Seaway boosters maintain that our "fourth seacoast" will bring a new era of prosperity to 58 million people in Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York. Eight other states, as far west as Montana and as far south as Missouri, also will share the benefits.

But among all the hosannas some

*179 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill. April 14, 1957. © 1957 by Family Weekly Magazine, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

catealls persist. For 25 years the St. Lawrence project was blocked by American interests which believed that it could become the costliest white elephant of our time.

— True, they say, the seaway will mean more jobs for some industries; many coal miners, for example, may return to the pits to supply Europe with cheaply transported coal. But will the same ports used to export coal become a dumping ground for cheap South American farm products and European machinery?

Whatever the answer, the seaway will soon be with us, and to Canada must go the praise or blame. Desperately in need of greater access to the Atlantic, our northern neighbor, in effect, told us, "Either join us in building the seaway and benefit by a new trade route, or we'll do it ourselves."

Congress, bowing to the inevitable, okayed our part in opening the St. Lawrence to bigger ships. Our share in construction will cost more than \$100 million borrowed from the U. S. Treasury, but the loan is self-liquidating. Seaway boosters assure taxpayers that they will get their money back from tolls in about 50 years.

In replying to die-hard critics, seaway advocates weigh down their dreams of a new prosperity with concrete facts. Lewis G. Castle, administrator of the St. Lawrence Seaway Development Corp., maintains that the needs of America's skyrocketing population (3 million

persons added each year) is reason enough for extra shipping facilities. And by 1975, he adds, American workers will be turning out 50% more products than now; additional transportation is imperative to carry the vast new cargo to buyers here and abroad.

The seaway will not be a perilous drain on established ports and railroads, Castle insists. For the most part, it will handle business created by our future economy and stimulated by a new, efficient transportation route.

Without the seaway, America's dynamic growth might even boom-erang. Eventually we will produce more than we consume; that means mass layoffs and an inevitable depression. But the St. Lawrence project will open a cheap outlet to overseas markets which can buy much of our farm and factory surpluses.

Mid-continent industrial centers should reach wider markets through the St. Lawrence. The Chicago Association of Commerce and Industry thinks an all-water route from the Midwest to Europe will mean that such products as farm implements, small machinery, tractors, and bulldozers will be shipped at savings from 20% to 43%. The reduced costs should increase demand for American exports and eventually boost traffic in the seaway to 52 million tons from the current 10 million tons.

Imports will increase, too, but ex-

perts argue that inland ports will no more become "dumping grounds" than any ocean port, since the same federal tariffs will apply.

Not all arguments for the seaway are stated in general terms. The steel industry, for example, can be specific about its needs. Ore deposits of the inland U.S. are being exhausted; the great steel plants along the Great Lakes must find new sources of raw material.

Newfoundland offers excellent prospects, and if the St. Lawrence were not developed for large ore carriers, many steel mills might have to move closer to those fields. This costly shift would send tremors through almost every household in the country. But such moves are unlikely now; the St. Lawrence will bring Newfoundland almost to the front doors of Gary, Ind., and Cleveland.

Boom or bust, there is no argument about the seaway ranking among the giant engineering endeavors of the day. Laboring 20 hours a day, through winter rain and summer heat, workers with earth-moving machines ten stories high have completed more than one-third of the job. Seven new locks, 27 feet deep and 768 feet long, already are eclipsing the 22 old canals, only 14 feet deep.

While the dramatic work is in loosening the New York-Canada bottleneck, the seaway impact reaches far beyond that area. In shipyards, fast ocean-lake vessels

which will cut weeks from the 60-day voyage from inland America to Europe are under construction. They will replace carriers one-fifth their size.

Harbors are experiencing a building boom of their own. A \$24-million dock development in Chicago is near completion. Detroit marine terminals expect to spend \$15 million on ten new ship berths; Milwaukee, already the most modern port on the Great Lakes, has \$10 million earmarked for further water-front improvements.

Biggest of all seaway sister projects is the St. Lawrence power development, a hydroelectric plant around Massena which will produce 2.2 million horsepower of energy. The \$600-million system of dams will bring mineral-rich but underdeveloped upper New York state more power than is supplied by the entire Tennessee Valley authority, practically assuring a new industrial center where quiet towns and countryside now exist.

Those old catcalls are anticlimactic now. The seaway is on its way, and its first big shipment seems to be optimism. A Congressional subcommittee, concerned that the seaway might harm other areas, concluded a glowing report in typical fashion. "It is impossible for so large a segment of our economy (the Great Lakes region) to receive benefits without the good effects spreading to all U.S. citizens and to every state."

Chapel=Trailer Follows the Taxis

Montreal cabbies average 1000 miles a week but some of their stops are at their own kind of chapel

ON ONE SIDE of the long trailer a cab driver was describing the day's adventures. Across the aisle, another flipped a Mozart record on the hi-fi set. And in a quiet corner, a third driver was talking to a priest. It was long after midnight.

Scenes like this have become familiar to Father Paul Aquin, S.J., since he inaugurated the chapel-trailer service that takes him to the major stands among the 862 where Montreal's 15,000 taxi drivers congregate. Seven days and nights of each week he and a fellow Jesuit take turns being chaplain, friend, and advisor to the cabbies and their families. Their parish is one of the world's most unusual.

The cab driver's irregular working hours keep him from attending church regularly, so the church goes to him. The 46-foot trailer moves to a different cab stand each day.

On the first night of operation, last February, 300 drivers showed up. At first Father Aquin carried on alone, but the job was too big. Now, he and Father Eugene Cote alternate on 12-hour shifts.

Father Aquin, 36, has been pre-



paring for his role as cabbie chaplain since his ordination in 1954. During the year following ordination, he became deeply impressed with the Pope's exhortations on behalf of the poor. Father Aquin, one of eight children in a worker's family, knew austerity, as well as the sense of injustice that often chafes the underprivileged when contemplating the wealthy.

The majority of people have jobs that allow for a full parish life. Some groups, however, Father Aquin knew, had work that did not fit this pattern: the 5,000 Montreal stevedores, for example, and the 7,000 manual laborers employed by the city.

Father Aquin chose the cabbies, not because they were in greater need, but because they were more numerous. One of his biggest problems was how to reach them. And, once reached, would they receive a priest? To help them, he needed to know how many there were, their nationalities, religions, morals.

Father Aquin was a Canadian-army physical-training instructor before he joined the Society of Jesus in 1942. He took up his new challenge with the gusto he once used in teaching soldiers how to defend themselves.

He started his research quietly. He made it a point to meet cab drivers. He struck up casual conversations, gradually feeling out the drivers about their opinions on religion, priests, and the public. Over a long period, Father Aquin spoke to about 1,000 drivers.

Later, he received permission from Montreal's police chief to check through the taxi-permit file. There were 14,900 drivers registered in the city proper. Immediate suburbs added another 2,000 to 3,000 drivers. The priest discovered that Montreal and Washington had more cabbies per capita than any other cities on the continent.

Statistics showed that 2,413 drivers owned and operated their own cars. Some 8,500 cabbies were regulars; the remainder were part-time drivers or stevedores who drove taxis during the winter when the port was closed.

Father Aquin's careful checking of available statistics showed that more than 85% of the men were Catholic born. Of the total number, about three-quarters were French-Canadian Catholics; 8% Italian Catholics. There were lesser percentages of Irish-Canadians and Dutch. Among the non-Catholic minority, most were Jewish.

Every day, Montreal cabbies transport 250,000 people. It was not an easy job to find and keep track of any particular one. A driver may stop at as many as 25 stands in a day. He clocks about 1,000 miles a week. When Father Aquin's list was as complete as he could get it, the record showed that the cabbies lived in 145 parishes.

To clear \$50 each week, most drivers had to work 12 hours every day, Sundays included. They had to be wherever there was business, at dockside when the liners came into port, at hotels, department stores. On Friday nights the cabbies could count on a brisk business from workingmen enjoying a night out. Night clubs provided customers on Saturday nights and well into Sunday mornings.

This schedule crowded out religion. A 3 A.M. "cabbies' Mass" at Notre Dame church in downtown Montreal accommodated some.

"Taxi drivers earn their money the hard way," says Father Aquin. Most of these men do not choose the job because they like it, he points out. "They drive cabs because they

have to make a living. Probably they tried and failed in other jobs. It's a frustrating life in many respects, without hope of advancement. I'm not surprised that they sometimes form prejudices or are unhappy in their state in life."

A cabbie asked him, "How can family problems be avoided when I work 12 hours a day?"

Owners of cab fleets were agreeable to the idea of a chaplain for their men. Father Aquin continued thinking about a way to contact them. Meanwhile, he assisted the chaplain at St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary and helped another Jesuit working with Montreal firemen.

One morning after Mass, while he was praying to the Blessed Virgin, an idea came to him. A trailer-chapel, he thought, is mobile; he could get to the cabbies that way.

The trailer was to be much more than a chapel. It was to be a place where cabbies could come and relax, talk, and meet the priest.

On Christmas eve, 1956, Father Aquin received one of the best Christmas gifts he can remember, even though he had worked long and hard to get it. His parish on wheels was delivered. Along both sides of the black trailer was written in white: *Le Bon Dieu en Taxi*. Above this sign was written: Taximen's Motor Chapel.

A television set was installed, comfortable leather chairs lined the walls of the main lounge, and a

closed-off rear section would serve as the chaplain's bedroom-office-sitting room and, with right arranging, a chapel. For the added comfort of the "parishioners" a coffee and snack bar and a radio and a hi-fi set were put in.

The blessing of the motor chapel brought hundreds of cabs to St. Joseph's oratory, the shrine on Mt. Royal. Paul-Emile Cardinal Leger spoke in the cabbies' vernacular. "Just as you take your cab to the garage regularly for a washing," he said, "so you should go to your motor chapel for your own regular washing."

The first night the trailer was open, the cabbies came flocking in all during the night. The chaplain had planned to sleep, but the torrent of visitors made it impossible. Father Aquin called to his Jesuit superiors for help. When Father Cote arrived, the two allotted themselves 12-hour shifts.

Both priests began saying daily Mass in the trailer. On Sunday mornings Masses were scheduled for 2 A.M. and 4 A.M.

"Even cab drivers busy with late Saturday-night traffic should find time to get to Mass now," Father Aquin observed.

Quite apart from their hours at the trailer, the chaplains soon were spending another three or four hours each day making calls on families. Another appeal for help went out.

This appeal is now being studied.

If it is answered, *Le Bon Dieu en Taxi* will have three priests in residence, each taking an eight-hour shift. A fourth priest will be traveling constantly, visiting cabbies and their families.

The cab drivers themselves are helping to expand the activities of their unusual parish. A committee of enthusiasts arranges for social and musical evenings at the trailer. Entertainers enjoy their visits; and autographed photos of popular French-Canadian singers adorn one side of the trailer. Father Aquin favors this activity: "I don't want this place to have a severe look. It might scare newcomers away."

Another committee formed by the cabbies looks after the poor and any drivers who may be down on their luck through illness or financial strain. Father Aquin has hired a trained nurse to visit cabbies' families when needed.

"One thing we won't do," Father Aquin says, "is to ask a cab driver for money. All the services we provide in this trailer will be free. We depend on donations, and we'll get by."

There isn't even a price list above the snack bar, but the cabbies generally insist on paying. The snack bar is often the occasion of a cabbie's first encounter with the life of the trailer. The relaxed atmosphere invariably catches the newcomer's interest.

"We do not push religion on anyone," says Father Aquin. "If a driver

wants to discuss spiritual matters he knows we're available, and he can choose his own time. We are here to help and guide as best we can."

The chaplain talks the cabbies' language, either French or English, and commands their respect. Probably few of them know that he was once an aggressive hockey and lacrosse player. So enthusiastic was he, in fact, that his school report once carried a postscript about his somewhat too robust play.

Today, however, he prefers to rely on smiles and pleasant words. This fact prompted a cabbie to refer to him as "the soutane with a smile," although he seldom wears a cassock around the trailer.

The round-the-clock labor in the mobile parish shows signs of bearing abundant fruit. During Holy Week, a steady procession of cabbies and their families came to the trailer. By the end of the week, the two chaplains had heard 3,119 Confessions.

In May, a special retreat consisting of abbreviated prayers and spiritual exercises was begun. Anticipating the habits of their audience, the chaplains scheduled the retreat so that it wouldn't conflict with *La Famille Plouffe*, French Canada's most popular television program.

The rapid increase in activity prompted Father Aquin to recall what a cab driver had predicted a few months earlier: "You'll have a real job, and you won't get much sleep."

By Licia Albanese
*Condensed from "Today's Living"**



Tots Love Good Music

*A Metropolitan Opera
star helps you pick rec-
ords your child will like*

ONE DAY when my son Joseph was only one year old, I turned on our radio to hear Toscanini conduct. I was occupied about the house, so I placed Peppino on the floor in front of the radio, and then went about my business, keeping an ear alert for any signs of dis-

tress from the baby. Like all babies, he would get bored when left alone for any great length of time.

But he didn't make a sound. It was uncanny. I thought I'd better investigate. I found him sitting, all attention, as the beautiful music poured out over him. I joked with the maestro many times about that afternoon, telling him I'd never had so wonderful a baby sitter as Arturo Toscanini.

I think that a child is never too young to begin appreciating good music. But I don't think he should be lured to a beautiful piece of music because it has been watered and sugared especially for his juvenile taste and allowed to trickle down to him by way of a dance band. Instead, I think a child should be introduced to the original composition in the happy, relaxed atmosphere of his home, by his parents.

Start a little music library for your preschool youngster. Give him his own phonograph, one that's inexpensive and yet so gaily colored that it will entice him at sight. For children under six there is a wide selection of fine records, not only in music but in story. And don't think your child's record library need be expensive. The Golden records cost only 25¢.

When should a child listen to

*230 W. 41st St., New York City 36. April 21, 1957. © 1957 by the New York Herald Tribune, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

music? That, I think, depends both on the kind of music and on the child. It would be foolish to play a spirited march just before your child's bedtime. That's the time for a lullaby, if it is in tune with his temperament. Try it, and if it induces a contented sleep, make it part of his bedtime schedule.

I have found that music at mealtime is not a good influence on my little boy's appetite. He needs peace and quiet and absolutely no distractions, save a little cheery conversation. However, this is no blanket rule; a soothing, melodic tune might prove ideal for putting your child in a happy mealtime mood.

Too often the infant is overlooked when we are thinking of music. Even at six months, he often shows a surprising sensitivity to rhythms. But whether your youngster is at the creeping stage or standing upright, choose gentle music for him. Ease him into the world of music.

Here are some selections I think do just that: *The Cradle Song* by Brahms, and *When at Night I Go to Sleep* from the opera *Hansel and Gretel*. And I'd recommend *Follow the Sunset*, a collection by Charity Bailey and Bob Emmett of lullabies from around the world that the whole family would enjoy. Folkways records also has *Songs To Grow On*, five volumes of lullabies.

For three and four-year-olds, add songs, like *Silent Night*, that tempt the child to sing. And such singing

games as *Ding Dong Bell*, *Ten Little Indians*, *Alphabet Song*, *London Bridge Is Falling Down* and *Ba-ba-Black Sheep*.

Music that captures the poetry of motion always holds a special fascination for active three and four-year-olds. Try gay, lilting numbers like *Flight of the Bumble Bee*, *Perpetual Motion* by Johann Strauss II, *Waltzing Doll* by Poldini, and the familiar *Skater's Waltz*.

Modern favorites are being recorded these days by such excellent folk-song singers as Burl Ives (*Singing Time*, *Animal Fair*, *Angus MacFergus MacTavish Dundee*), and TV personalities like Ray Bolger and Peter Lind Hayes, both of whom are familiar and friendly faces to thousands of youngsters. My Pepino is fondest of Bolger's *Churken-doose* and Hayes' *Magic Record*.

The child in kindergarten will love his singing games more than ever, so by all means add to that collection. Also, he is usually ready at that age for music that will suggest a picture or tell a story. The boundaries of the world of music are broadening for him. *Clair de Lune* by Debussy, *The Cuckoo* by Daquin, and *The Happy Farmer* by Schumann paint the pictures most enjoyed by children in this age group. *Hansel and Gretel* and *The Nutcracker Suite* tell charming stories.

But let me urge you to browse together in the record shops and make your own discoveries, for it will

quicken your youngster's interest to take a part in making the selection.

Why not sit down with him and look through books and magazines for pictures that will best illustrate these selections? There are other ways of making music more graphic, too.

A trip to the zoo would be good immediately before or after his first introduction to Saint-Saens' *Carnival of Animals*, which is really a zoo of music. My little boy has fun looking through a picture book full of locomotives while playing the Mercury recording *Real Train Sounds*, with its authentic sounds of an engine puffing and hissing, a whistle blowing, and a bell ringing—all to an obbligate of turning wheels.

At the kindergarten age, too, your child will also take pleasure in purely rhythmic music. He will love selections rich in bells, drums, and cymbals. Marches, for example, are almost a must. Here are a few I think you will find interesting:

March of the Dwarfs by Grieg, *March of the Toys* by Victor Herbert, *March of the Little Lead Soldiers* by Pierne. Peppino's nursery-school group parades to the stirring *Grand March* from *Aida*, unmindful that it is grand opera, and only happily aware that it is a thumping good march. Patriotic songs have their place here at the kindergarten level, too. All children love to sing rousing songs.

Good news for parents is that many public-library systems have record collections for children. This is a free service, and although libraries often don't lend the records directly to children, the child may pick them out himself and have his parents sign for them. The librarians can often suggest storybooks to go with the music.

With all these resources, it is easy to encourage a child's inborn feeling for rhythm. A little help from you and he'll embark on a full-blown love affair with music that will give him pleasure all his life.



CONVERSATION PIECE

Our family is rather old-fashioned in many ways; one is that we often take a stroll together after Sunday dinner. One Sunday I begged off, pleading that I was a bit tired than usual.

When the others got back, little Phyllis, perhaps with the idea of making sure I would go the next time, exclaimed, "Mother, we saw the funniest man! He was just sitting there on the sidewalk, talking to a banana skin!"

Frances Benson.

Michael Kecki: Voice of Polonia

Polish-Americans have been listening to him for a quarter of a century



MICHAEL KECKI (pronounced Kenski) has often been referred to as "the Polish Arthur Godfrey." He is America's foremost Polish-language radio broadcaster. As the stirring, persuasive "Voice of Polonia" he is heard six days weekly over Station WLIB, New York City, by hundreds of thousands of Polish-Americans in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and parts of Connecticut and Massachusetts.

"He is not just a radio personality," commented one of his fans on the occasion of Kecki's 24th anniversary on the air. "He is a tireless champion of every good Polish and American cause."

Kecki has earned commendations from Presidents Roosevelt, Truman, and Eisenhower; from Governors Dewey and Harriman of New York and Meyner of New Jersey; from Mayor Wagner of New York City, and from Cardinal Spellman for his activities on behalf of civic and religious organizations.

For 18 years he has beamed on-the-spot descriptions of the great

annual parade down 5th Ave. in honor of General Pulaski, the Polish-born hero of our Revolutionary war.

He was the last radio newsman to interview Ignace Paderewski, world-famous pianist, composer, and Poland's first premier, before his death in 1941; the first to interview Jarrecki, the Polish flyer who fled from the Reds in a Russian MIG and made international headlines; and the first to place before a microphone Polish Captain Cwiklinski of the S.S. *Batory*, who escaped from his Sovietized ship to the U.S.

For Kecki, one of his most thrilling broadcasts occurred last Jan. 8. It was a special recording received from Poland several hours before: the eloquent voice of Stefan Cardinal Wyszyński, the Primate of Poland, who had been just released by the communists after years of internment. His 20-minute sermon

delivered at the Christmas midnight Mass ended with a special blessing and a prayer for peace. The Cardinal had never been heard before in America.

Kecki's daily broadcasting schedule runs the full range of gladness and sadness. It includes world news; Polish interorganization news; announcements of weddings, funerals, births, Baptisms, appeals for various charities; appearances of guest speakers; recordings of favorite Polish artists and songs; and commercials.

He receives hundreds of letters every week. Many ask his help in solving personal problems. His aid is frequently enlisted to locate missing persons or even strayed pets.

Once a mother begged him to find her son's dog. "My boy is heartbroken," she wrote, "and he is very sick. I'm afraid he will die if his dog isn't found. Please, Mr. Kecki!" He told the story on the air. Some listeners in the boy's neighborhood began a house-to-house search. They finally spotted the dog in a basement. It had been stolen.

A 14-year-old girl vanished. The police could find no trace of her. Newspaper notices brought no result. The mother was certain that her daughter had amnesia. She turned to Kecki.

Although fruitless weeks passed, Kecki doggedly kept broadcasting her description. His perseverance paid off. He finally snagged a listener who remembered seeing the girl. She was sharing an apartment with

a girl friend in another city. The informant quickly got in touch with the parents, who brought their daughter home. They gratefully made a substantial donation to charity via Kecki.

Michael Kecki was born in Warsaw, Poland, on Jan. 20, 1908. It was a troubled time for the city, then under tyrannical Russian rule. Many families were mourning loved ones who had died in the 1905 uprisings. A Russian edict had dissolved Polish schools and had forbidden study of the beloved Polish language.

Michael grew up in this bitter, frustrating atmosphere. But he, like other Polish youngsters, was taught secretly to read and write the mother tongue.

When a free Poland emerged on Nov. 11, 1918, educational opportunities began to develop. Kecki attended the medical officers' school, and then completed his studies of dental surgery at Warsaw university. At 22, he was a dental surgeon and a reserve lieutenant in the Polish army.

He decided to study advanced dental techniques in the U.S. He arrived in New York on Sept. 29, 1930, full of enthusiasm for a medical career. His spirits were quickly dampened, however, when he found that his training was insufficient to practice dentistry in this country, and that his plan would require more years of dental study than he could afford. To sustain himself,

he turned to part-time work on a Polish daily newspaper.

Kecki's fine command of the Polish language turned out to be his greatest asset. He was drawn to radio broadcasting. In January, 1933, he became an announcer on station WWRL. He then worked for several other stations, constantly improving his delivery, and finally secured his own *Polish Hour* over WHOM, a program which he conducted for 14 years.

Once he had decided to make a career of radio, he set out to become acquainted with all Polish organizations, religious, civic, and social. "I put my heart into this effort," he says, "because I sincerely desired to be of service to the Polish people. I felt that their problems were mine, and that they needed a voice in this country."

In 1949, Kecki transferred to station WLIB. He has been there ever since.

He is a member of Cardinal Spellman's Committee of Catholic Laity in New York, and incessantly carries on appeals for various Catholic and other charities. He has raised funds for the eight Wozniak children of Elizabeth, N.J., orphaned by fire; for the building of a new chapel for the Carmelite Sisters (who later dedicated the Sacred Heart altar in St. Teresa's chapel to his listeners); for a water pump for a leper colony in Tarafangana, Madagascar; for a new bus for the St. John Kanty prep school

of Erie, Pa. His listeners' generosity has enabled Father Mroz, a Polish Franciscan missionary in Nagasaki, Japan, to visit several small islands in his mission. Kecki's appeals brought the priest a motorboat.

During the 2nd World War, Kecki worked furiously for both the land of his birth and his adopted country.

When Polish soil was brutally overrun by nazis and communists alike, he conducted a three-month campaign to equip the Polish army with flying ambulances. He collected thousands of dollars to aid impoverished Polish children. After the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Kecki began a series of war-bond drives. He was cited six times by the U. S. Treasury department for distinguished service.

In 1944 he married a girl named Natalia Lesniewski, a graduate of Brooklyn college. "Although my wife was born in Brooklyn," says Kecki, "she speaks Polish fluently and has worked with me on many broadcasts during the last 12 years. She is my severest critic and my guiding angel."

The Keckis live in a modest two-family house in the predominantly Polish section of Greenpoint, Brooklyn, close to five Catholic churches. The family attends St. Alphonsus church directly across the street from their home. They have two children, Thomas Michael, 10, and Natalia Alice, 1. "Tommy," says Kecki proudly, "frequently gets up

to serve at the six-o'clock low Mass."

Kecki has twice been honored by the Constitutional Polish government in London. In 1951, he was decorated with the Gold Cross of Merit. On Oct. 28, 1956, he was awarded the Polonia Restituta, its highest civilian award, for meritorious service on behalf of a free Poland.

After a new wave of Polish immigrants arrived in America in 1946, Kecki, an active member of the Polish Immigration committee, geared himself to the huge task of helping in their rehabilitation.

As a former immigrant, now a proud American citizen, he stresses the importance of rapid Americanization of newcomers. "We try to explain to our listeners the advantages of becoming American citizens, and of learning the language and customs of this country," he

says. For more than seven years, as a public service to the Polish people, he has presented, with the help of attorney William T. Maday, a program entitled *The Law in Your Life*, dealing with everyday legal problems and the functions of various branches of government.

Kecki thinks that the Polish immigrant need not and should not quench his love for Poland in the process of becoming an American citizen.

He points out that any patriotism worthy of the name is an unselfish thing, and that the man who has a deep reverence for the traditions and culture of his native land will probably make the best kind of American citizen. Several hundred thousand Polish-American radio fans will tell you that an excellent confirmation of this theory is to be seen in the life of Michael Kecki.



THE PERFECT ASSIST

A long line of five o'clock traffic clogged the main street of Allentown, Pa. As usual during the rush hour, drivers of cars at cross streets were kept from entering by motorists who stubbornly refused to give any room.

I was riding with my sister. She stopped to allow a florist's panel truck to move into the line ahead of us.

A block later, when the whole stream was stopped at a red light, the rear door of the truck opened. Out jumped a big, burly workman.

He strode to the window of our car, tipped his cap, and handed my astonished sister a large red rose.

Mrs. Fred Finney in *Car Life, America's Family Auto Magazine* (June '57).

[For original reports of strikingly gracious or tactful remarks or actions, we will pay \$25 on publication. In specific cases where we can obtain permission from the publisher to reprint, we will also pay \$25 to readers who submit acceptable anecdotes of this type quoted verbatim from books or magazines. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]

By Thelma Thompson and
Father Joseph Voelker, C.S.C.
*Condensed from the "Catholic Boy"**

The Sisters Who Serve at Carville

*They came to the leprosy
victims when all others
abandoned them*

IN THE KITCHEN of a little shack near New Orleans, a woman of 35, gray and haggard, moved quietly about, preparing supper for herself and her son. It was an April evening in 1896. The boy was pale and scrawny. He sat listlessly at the kitchen table. Suddenly came the sound of an approaching horse. Mother and son exchanged glances of terror. In an instant, the boy ran from the kitchen. He rushed to the storm cellar behind the house, and pulled the doors shut over his head.

His mother started for the table to clear away his place. A violent knock sounded at the door; and the next minute a burly man strode in. On his coat he wore a sheriff's badge.

"Howdy, ma'am," he said, bowing slightly. "Sorry to disturb you, but some of your neighbors have complained about your keeping a leper



here; your son, they say." His glance swept the room, and rested on the dishes the woman had been about to hide. "Is he here?"

The woman's face turned almost as ghastly pale as her son's.

Still looking at the dishes, the sheriff said quietly, "I see. Yes. He isn't *here*, is he?"

A kindly look came into his eyes. "Well, I'll be back again in two weeks, ma'am, and make a more thorough search. Meanwhile, when you see your son—I mean, if you should see him—you might tell him that the Sisters of Charity are starting a leper home at Old Indian

*Notre Dame, Ind. April, 1957. © 1957 by the Congregation of Holy Cross Priests' Society, Indiana Province, and reprinted with permission.

camp about 80 miles up the river. They'll be there about April 27."

A glint of humor shone in his eyes as he added, "Now, I guess I'll go tell your neighbors they must be seeing things."

The woman's eyes had at first widened at the news the sheriff gave, and then filled to overflowing with tears. She whispered, "Oh, thank God! And God bless you, sheriff!"

For some time, scenes like this had been taking place in many parts of Louisiana. Many relatives or friends of leprosy victims had been arrested for harboring them. The sick themselves had largely slunk away into the swamps. There they could be brought food and clothing secretly, and could manage to live in abandoned slave cabins or other shacks.

The Louisiana legislature had tried hard to set up a place for the care of those abandoned sick. The state leased an old plantation house with slave cabins on the bank of the Mississippi river about 80 miles above New Orleans. It was on the tip of a long, narrow-necked peninsula, almost impossible to reach over land except through wide swamps.

The first doctor assigned to Indian Camp by the Board of Health refused to stay: no help, no medicine. Other doctors refused, also.

For more than a year the board tried to hire doctors, practical nurses, helpers of any kind. No one would go to Indian camp, at any wage.

Early in 1896 the board was planning to report to the legislature that medical help simply could not be found. Just as the board was about to make its report, a priest appeared for one of its sessions with an astounding offer. "Our Sisters of Charity have asked to help with the care of the patients," he said.

"Do you mean that we can hire them?" the chairman asked eagerly.

"You do not understand," the priest explained. "You cannot hire the Sisters. They consider this a work of God. They will serve without pay. Surely you know of their work in New Orleans. For many years they have nursed the sick, the orphans, and the destitute; and they teach in some of the poorest of our schools here in the city."

Towards the end of April, 1896, four Sisters set out by riverboat for

ACCLAIM

The Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, on the staff of the federal hospital at Carville, La., for more than six decades, have received the highest award of the U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. It was the only group award of six distinguished-service citations made by the department. It cited the devoted services of the nuns to the patients at Carville and "contributions to the success of the unique program at the hospital."

NCWC (14 April '57).

the new settlement. Sister Beatrice Hart, with 22 years experience as director of a large hospital in New England, had been named superior. When the Sisters reached the home, they came upon a scene which Sister Beatrice described to her superiors without discouraging details.

"At 11 A.M. we arrived at the colony. We went immediately to visit our patients. From their cabins they had seen the vessel that brought us, and they awaited our arrival, with a certain impatience mingled with curiosity. They almost wept for joy.

"Have you really, really come to stay with us?" they kept repeating.

"We had a word of encouragement for each of them, and we endeavored to make them understand that we had come to take care of them and to try to make them happy; that in our coming they should recognize the goodness of God, who wished by our services to lessen their sufferings."

In her very first words to the patients, Sister Beatrice had announced the purpose of the Sisters. The work offered a chance to carry on in the spirit of Christ, who had cured the man covered with leprosy.

More than a year earlier, those people had been persuaded by Louisiana authorities to come from their caves, swamps, and pest houses. But others, with no assurance of medical care, refused to go.

The mansion, once a gracious structure with more than 30 bed-

rooms, had fallen into decay. Rain poured through the roof. The once-proud columns were crumbling. The Sisters found only three rooms remotely habitable, and left the rest of the house to snakes, bats, and mice.

The old slave cabins, deserted since the Civil War, had been patched up, but decay was attacking the entire area. Sister Beatrice wrote, "We are restricted in space, but what matter! Our first day we improvised a chapel after a thorough cleaning. To prevent any accidents, like the fall of an insect or dust into the chalice, we nailed thick muslin over the ceiling and walls, thus making a little sanctuary of white.

"How great was our joy the next morning to see our little congregation fill the chapel! Sixteen of our patients approached the holy table, and after Mass our Reverend Chaplain carried the Blessed Sacrament to those who could not come to the chapel.

"At the Mass, he had addressed them in simple, touching words. He bade them lift up their hearts; for, although they were isolated and condemned to pass their lives away from all that had once been dear, God was very near to them. Sobs could be heard throughout the chapel, and we could not refrain from mingling our tears with theirs.

"Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament closed this memorable day. We went at once to work."

What happened to the laborers the board had promised, the painters, carpenters, plasterers? The answer was simple and definite. No workers would go to the home.

Sister Beatrice and her companions had made the sacrifice of voluntary exile. That solved the big problem. To the authorities, solutions of the minor problems seemed much less urgent.

The whole setup at Old Indian Camp in those days would have daunted almost anyone but a saint. A month after her arrival Sister Beatrice wrote: "With some patients the disease has reached an advanced stage. The hands, feet, and eyes are the parts first attacked. They cannot help themselves. It is impossible to secure hired help. The Sisters must work such long hours that we can scarcely find time for our spiritual exercises."

The Sisters labored around the clock, using lanterns to guide them from building to building through the swamps at night.

Cisterns dried up during the summer. Instead of the fresh rainwater which the cisterns supplied for drinking, the muddy water of the Mississippi had to be hauled and allowed to settle. For bathing bodies covered with open infection, water had to be heated in the small cabin fireplaces.

In those early days Sisters and patients alike had many material needs. Still, Sister Beatrice was happy if she could find food, shel-

ter, and medicine for the sick. The lack of things for themselves she and the other Sisters bore easily.

But when Father Colton was ill or forced to be away, the lack of Mass, the sacraments, and spiritual help tended to upset Sister Beatrice. She felt a need for frequent, daily contact with Christ to refresh her own spirit, for she was constantly giving of herself to others.

Yet, her piety was not austere. The patients, impressed by her cheerful manner, said, "We never realized that the Sisters were so good."

Though it took six years to get any substantial improvements at Carville, the Sisters worked on uncomplainingly. Finally the Board of Health bought up the land, tore down the cabins, built new houses, and renovated the manor.

Later, Governor Hall visited the home. He expressed his pleasure publicly. "The home deserves more than we can ever do for it. I am going to see that the state gives more of its public funds to help with the work." He did.

In 1921 the U.S. government took over at Carville, and made the home a federal project to serve patients of all states. At that time Carville had 90 patients. Three years later, the hospital was enlarged. By 1941 it had been so extensively rebuilt and enlarged that the leprosarium could house more than 480 patients.

Today if you visit the U. S. Pub-

lic Health hospital at Carville, you can't help thinking of Sister Beatrice's work in the pioneer days.

No more swamps; a drainage system has remedied that. No more cisterns or unhealthy water supply; a modern purification plant has replaced them. Although the government now administers the hospital and employs 250 workers to staff the sprawling settlement, the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, 21 of them, still handle the individual care of the sick.

But at least they work in ultra-modern surroundings, and, like the lay employees, receive government pay checks.

The Sisters still reflect the spirit of Sister Beatrice and her companions. Their sole aim still is to bring the charity, joy, and healing touch of Christ to the afflicted. The Community has been at this work continuously for 61 years.

You gasp at the beauty of the place now. Brilliantly white buildings stand out among giant oaks hung with tropical moss. Brightly colored flowers, birds, and level lawns form a year-round, breath-taking setting for the finest hospital of its kind in the world. In fact, this hospital, with its highly specialized laboratories and extra equipment, is as up-to-date as any top-notch general hospital in the country.

Even more surprising, you find the patients at Carville looking and

acting so well you can hardly believe they have been infected.

In 1941, the doctor in charge, Dr. G. H. Faget, discovered the usefulness of promin and diasone in treating the disease. These sulphone drugs have generally put a stop to the wasting away of bone and skin tissue.

True, these drugs haven't killed leprosy, but they hold it in check. Furthermore, the drugs make plastic surgery possible. Thus blemishes (or even deformities) can be corrected and the patient's normal appearance restored.

Since the perfect cure has not yet been found, the Sisters and Carville's vast army of doctors and staff go on fighting leprosy and helping the patients to return to a happy and normal life.

At Carville in 1957 you will find the Sisters' hands at work in the laboratory as well as by the sickbed. Sister Hilary, a biochemist with degrees from two universities (Wisconsin and Louisiana State), has spent 34 years at Carville, and is known across the world for her scientific work.

In 1953 Sister Hilary was a U. S. representative at the world conference on leprosy held in Madrid, Spain. At the next world conference, to be held in India, her pictures of microscopic experimentation with the disease will make an important contribution.

You will find Christ also reaching onto the shelves of the phar-

macy through the hands of Sister Laura, who has been a part of Carville for 31 years.

Just as He dresses infection with the hands of the other Sisters, graduate nurses, who personally administer all medication at the hospital, Christ plans the meals with Sister Euphema and Sister Vincent, graduate dietitians. He guides the knife in the operating room, the X ray in the hands of Sister Julia.

"Impatience and discouragement are problems in any hospital," the Sisters say; but no hospital staff faces them so constantly or so powerfully as the staff at Carville.

To a considerable extent, prominent diastone drugs have supplied hope for ultimate recovery even though they act slowly; treatments sometimes last for years.

A program of effective public information has also helped ease this problem, especially by correcting false notions about leprosy (or Hansen's disease, as its victims prefer to call it).

In the old days, society permanently doomed all victims. Now, society, better informed, welcomes the return of those sufferers whose cases are arrested; that is, completely beyond the danger of giving the disease.

While at Carville the patients now live much as they would in a small town. They have their own governing council, post office, stores, and publications. They participate in social events, competitive sports

with outside teams, musical and dramatic programs; and have their own lake for fishing and boating.

These are all facts, and they are all on the bright side. The men and women at Carville are literally thrilled to be able to buy fine clothes at the variety store; to get a radio or a bicycle or shoes repaired on the spot; to buy photo supplies; or to order just what they feel like eating at the canteen.

The government maintains a school where regular classes are taught, and projects are sponsored as part of the physical-therapy program: drawing, sculpturing, weaving, sewing. All these arts give each one a chance to make use of his ability.

You hear special praise for Sister Laura's Christmas plays as a yearly highlight at Carville. Many are grateful for her B-Natural Music club and its talent shows. Club members gain poise in front of others and have a lot of fun doing it. In off hours, Sister Laura teaches piano and directs the choir.

You catch the spirit of Carville best when you see it alive in some of the patients longest in residence. Nick Salvato, 82, is blind and is losing his fingers and toes. Yet, instead of worrying about himself, he tells you about his favorite football team.

"Oh, Notre Dame! God bless 'em! They're my boys. They'll be good next year."

In another section of the hospital

you see Annie. She pedals a wheel chair with her arms much as you would pedal your bike. Annie has lost her fingers and legs, but she has developed ingenious ways to sew and weave and write.

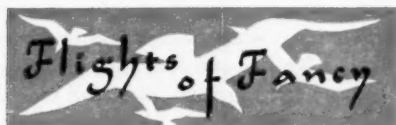
When Sister Lenora (Annie's guardian angel) introduces you to Annie and tells you that she comes from the Virgin Islands, Annie responds teasingly, "Do you know, I had to educate Sister Lenora when I came. She didn't know that I was an American citizen!"

Finally, as you turn to leave, you see Charley Stiney and other Holy Name Society men coming out of a meeting with their chaplain, Father Francis. Father has encouraged the society in its campaign for prayers for the canonization of Father

Damien, the apostle to Molokai, who died there of leprosy just seven years before Sister Beatrice began her work in Carville.

Father Francis lives right at the hospital, and works full time. You can't help notice the joy he experiences serving the patients and Sisters.

Carville (which once had only a tiny improvised chapel) now has a handsome, red-brick chapel bigger than many a parish church. You quietly, inevitably reflect that this chapel is Carville's real sanctuary, where our Lord is perpetually at hand to refresh those who carry on his work by their hands, and where He is unfailingly ready to stretch out his hands to heal souls and bodies.



Indigestion: a square meal in a round stomach.

Mary E. Toste

Birds urging the morning to get up.

Ogden Nash

Actresses chatterboxing.

Sid Sheldon

Sailing on the surface of conversation.

Edith Wharton

Middle age: when all the things with a lifetime guarantee start wearing out.

J. C. Gurnik

Stars spatter-painted against the sky.

Rosemary Klein

Travelers agape with touriosity.

Faith Baldwin

Child with birthday-candle eyes.

Gertrude O'Connell

Spider spinning an enormous snowflake.

Rosemary Klein

Houses hurrying past train windows.

Wade Moseby

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$2 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged nor returned.—Ed.]

By Edward A. Herron
*Condensed from "Railway Progress"**

Hottest Freight on Earth

*Trainmen take turns on 'burial detail'
to get rid of deadly atomic waste*

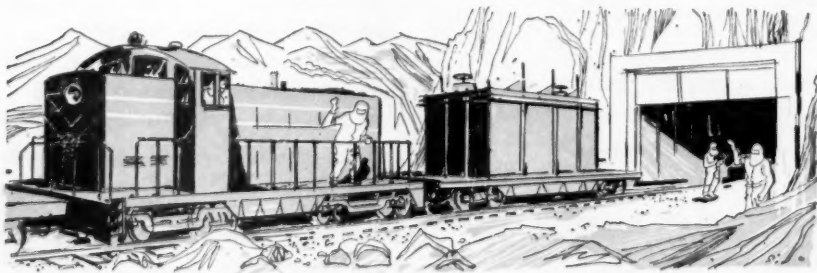
AT SIX O'CLOCK on a calm, sunlit morning, conductor Bill Cantwell takes a last, approving glance at his white-painted, shingle-sided home in Richland, Wash., ducks under an elm tree by the sidewalk, and starts off for the roundhouse.

The early morning hour, the brilliance of the sun, and the complete absence of wind fit into a pattern. They all form a background for the fact that this morning Cantwell's train will carry the hottest freight on earth.

The tree-lined town of Richland, marooned on a high desert plateau, is owned by 169 million Americans

and is cared for by one of the most unusual landlords in the U.S. The General Electric Co. maintains the sewage and water systems and the police and fire departments. It stocks the libraries and hires the teachers for the town's five schools.

It also operates a railroad, and each week General Electric hands Bill Cantwell a pay check for shepherding the most dangerous material ever manufactured by man. Only a breath of wind away from Richland, behind a barricade of wire and a barrier of secrecy, is another General Electric project, the Atomic Energy commission's Hanford plant. The product of the \$1 billion plant



*1430 K St., N.W., Washington, D.C. January, 1957. © 1956 by Federation for Railway Progress, and reprinted with permission.

and its 9,000 employees is plutonium, the ingredient of the atomic bomb. One of the by-products of the mammoth plant hidden in the desert is the skill to be applied in the peacetime use of the atom. A waste product of the atomic process is a deadly radioactive residue which must be disposed of safely and immediately.

Down the highway from Richland is a vast maintenance shop where trucks, buses, and automobiles share space with a fleet of diesel locomotives. The shop is exceptionally new and clean; unlike any other railroad maintenance shop in the country, it is sprinkled with purple shamrock-shaped insignia marked "Radiation Zone."

Here conductor Cantwell meets engineer Bill Dye and trainman A. H. Cox, and receives with them his orders for the day: burial detail.

In the tire industry, when a mold becomes faulty, the tire makers call in a repairman, or telephone a scrap dealer to pick it up. Up in Hanford, when a piece of highly radioactive equipment becomes faulty, it has to be buried.

A special work permit is issued to the train crew, and a technician called a radiation monitor is assigned to accompany them. A little kit resembling an auxiliary lunch basket is handed to each man. The kit contains two pen-sized dosimeters, for spotting gamma radiation, and a film badge which responds weirdly to invisible rays. A card is prepared for each man; on it will

be entered a total of the radiation to which he has been exposed. It is the job of the accompanying monitor to keep tabs on exposure; to tell a man, if need be, "You're burned out; no more radiation for the rest of the week."

Getting dressed for the burial detail takes some time. Each man puts on long coveralls, then a surgeon's skullcap, and a white hood which is tucked under the coveralls. He pulls on white canvas shoe covers and heavy rubbers. Finally, he puts his hands into surgeon's gloves; these in turn are covered with canvas gloves, and the edges are bound with masking tape. If the job is extremely "hot," assault masks are included, and the man-from-Mars look is complete.

The three crewmen and the radiation monitor then shuffle out to the 1,500-horsepower diesel that is waiting on the track adjoining the maintenance shop. They climb aboard; the locomotive inches ahead. Just as they leave the shadow of the maintenance building, a Northern Pacific steamer, last of the fleet operating out of the near-by Pasco yards, brings in a line of cars. An Atomic Energy commission yard switcher moves forward to take over the "outside" freight.

The crew aboard the diesel is cleared through Security at the barcade, picks up a string of ten empty flats, and rolls smoothly over the desert toward tall stacks silhouetted against the horizon. The stacks

mark the chemical-separations plant, where plutonium is separated from irradiated uranium fuel elements.

From the outside, as the odd train advances, the building looks as innocent as a soap factory. Inside is the most advanced manufacturing equipment ever devised by man, some of it dangerously contaminated with radioactive materials.

Engineer Dye takes the diesel onto a spur leading directly to one of the grim buildings. With Cantwell directing the operation, he pushes his empties toward the windowless building. Waiting for them is a burial box mounted on a flatcar. Dye has ten cars between him and the box. Cox and Cantwell necessarily are closer when they make the coupling. When they shuffle back to the locomotive, the radiation monitor runs his counter over them in a precautionary check.

Before the arrival of the train, the worn-out and contaminated objects have been dropped into the box, inside of which is a 12-inch layer of sawdust to soak up any moisture dripping from the worn-out equipment. Steel clamps snapped shut when the lid was dropped in place on the sponge-rubber gasket surrounding the lip of the box. The precautions are all necessary to prevent any stray gust of wind from lifting radioactive dust and scattering it over the desert.

Dye keeps the "funeral train" at a ten-mile-per-hour pace on the run to the burial ground, far out in the

desert wastes of the 640-square-mile Hanford project. He brings the train to a gliding stop beside a huge hole dug in the desert. A long cable, threaded through loops along the spacer cars, is peeled loose and attached to a tractor 500 feet away. At a signal from Cantwell, the box is skidded down a ramp into the hole.

The radiation monitor measures constantly. Low clouds, dust or vapor particles can cause sky-shine, a radiation that travels mysteriously from the contaminated box up to the dust barrier and then back down to the crewmen.

A signalman, standing high on a crane boom, directs the burial. Bulldozers push earth over the crated equipment. Locomotive and train crew move away.

The flatcar on which the box has been secured is placed out on a desert siding. Sometimes a vigorous steam cleaning suffices for decontaminating a car. In severe cases, weeks or months, even years, may go by before a car is safe for use again.

Back in the maintenance shop, the crew is carefully checked. After disposing of the white duck gasket, boots, gloves, and hoods, they step upon a "hand-and-foot" counter which reveals any vestiges of radiation. When a radiation card shows that a trainman is "burned out," he is removed from all contact with "hot material" for a designated necessary time.

Burial of extremely heavy equipment, too unwieldy to be boxed, is handled in a more bizarre fashion. When a giant concentrator must be disposed of, it is lashed securely to a flatcar. A tunnel, 500 feet long, has been dug beneath the desert within the Hanford area. A spur leads back into the tunnel. There Dye rolls the flatcar, with its somber load. Cox uncouples the car, and the train pulls out into the sunshine. When locomotive and crew are safely outside, a huge water-filled concrete barrier drops down, sealing off forever the flatcar and its burden.

The tunnel can swallow 12 flatcars. When it is filled, the spur will be shifted to a new cavern.

Seniority does not prevail at Hanford. The 31 employees of the line, including eight conductors, 11 switchmen, and eight engineers, are divided into eight crews working on rotating assignments. The men who handle fiercely radioactive material one day may be pushing a string of lumber cars the next. The major portion of their work is similar to that of railroad men working the yards outside Los Angeles or around Chicago. But in some ways these

men are blazing new trails in industrial America.

In the very near future nuclear fuel will be shipped all over the world. Today it is being shipped daily by rail from one spot to another within the Hanford works. Plutonium and unfissioned uranium are taken from Hanford's atomic reactors in cylinders. The much-publicized elements are encased in lead-lined casks which in turn are eased into water-filled "wells" mounted on the specially built railroad cars that trainman Cox waves into position. The water in the wells helps absorb the heat that is generated by the intensely radioactive slugs.

Dye hauls the strange freight over to the separation plants, miles away, where the uranium and plutonium are separated. The uranium is recovered and used again; the plutonium is shipped to other Atomic Energy commission installations. The highly radioactive fission products, now in waste solution, are safely stored. Some of those fission products have turned out to have great value in medicine, industry, and agriculture, and the railroads will soon be moving them.



OUT FOR THE COUNT

Both the sound and the picture on our television set went off suddenly one day, shortly after the poor old object had been given some pretty rough treatment by a group of small fry. "Mother, come quick!" wailed six-year-old Helen. "Our TV has just been knocked unconscious."

Capper's Weekly (19 March '57).

Jay Egan, Publisher at 12

*He has boosted the circulation
of his 'Gazette' from 4 to 444*

JAY EGAN got off the bus with his school books under his arm on his way home from school one afternoon and went into the Woonsocket, R. I., city hall.

In the mayor's office he removed his cap, and approached the mayor's secretary. He said, "I would like to interview the mayor about the \$7-million bond issue to raise money for improvements to Woonsocket."

No one laughed at the chubby lad with the hazel eyes. The secretary answered, "The mayor is not in, but he can see you tomorrow."

The next afternoon Jay was ushered into the office of Mayor Kevin K. Coleman, who discussed the bond issue with him seriously and gave him a statement for the 18th issue of his weekly paper, the *Jay Egan Gazette*, which then had a circulation of 176.

Jay headed his front-page story: **PERSONAL OPINION FROM OUR MAYOR ABOUT THE BONDS.** He not only gave his own endorsement of the bond issue but added, "Whatever Mayor Coleman says about



anything is true, so everyone should read this carefully." The mayor's statement followed. It ended, "May I commend Jay Egan for his initiative and aggressiveness in bringing the news of the community to the people in such a unique fashion."

When Jay sought his appointment with the mayor, he was ready to show his press pass, complete with his picture, the name of the paper, and his own name as editor and publisher, signed by the Woonsocket chief of police. The pass had been made especially for him by

*250 W. 57th St., New York City 19. May, 1957. © 1957 by American Mercury Magazine, and reprinted with permission.

Buell W. Hudson, publisher of the *Woonsocket Call*, and had been presented to the lad in the course of an inspection tour of the *Call* plant.

Mr. Hudson had invited Jay to make the tour as a courtesy from an established publisher to his only competitor.

The *Call* printed a picture of Mr. Hudson presenting the press pass to Jay. Jay reciprocated by making his account of the tour a front-page story in his 12th issue, which contained three pages and had a circulation of 120.

The first time that Jay flashed the press pass was at a Mount St. Charles-Woonsocket High baseball game, where he was invited to sit in the press box. Gene O'Neil, local radio sports announcer, included Jay's name and his paper when he announced the names of the reporters present in the press box.

Recognition has come fast to Jay, who is now 12 years old. He takes it all as good business for his *Gazette*, which in 66 issues reached a circulation of 444. It now has subscribers in several foreign countries.

The young publisher began in a small way. His older brother, Tommy, 12, and his cousin, William, 11, conceived the idea of putting out a neighborhood newspaper. But they found other interests before the first edition hit the streets. Jay, who was only a reporter, took over

the publication as editor-publisher, reporter, copyreader, proofreader, typist, delivery boy, and circulation and business manager.

He carried the family's ancient typewriter to the dining-room table, and with two fingers pecked out four copies of the one-page yellow sheet. Jay then put the four copies into his frayed leather briefcase, and tied the case to his old bicycle.

He pedaled over to a neighbor's house. When his friend Mrs. Florence Carignan came to the door (all his neighbors are his friends) Jay held out a paper and asked, "Would you like to buy a copy of the *Jay Egan Gazette*? It is 3¢." Then, because she ran a corner store, he added hopefully, "And advertising is 5¢."

She not only bought the paper but gave him an advertisement. Jay wrote it up as follows for his 3rd issue, which had a circulation of 21: "We hope you have been buying your groceries and meat from your neighbor—Mrs. Florence Carignan. She is very nice to wait on you—She Sells Very Good Popsicles To."

The first time I saw the *Gazette* was one evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Buell Hudson. The publisher picked up several copies from the coffee table and handed them to my husband and me to read. Then he launched into a eulogy of his little neighbor's originality, ingenuity, salesmanship, and business ability.

We chuckled over such items as these: "Dr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Bliss and family of Winter St. have returned from a vacation in Florida, which he needed."

"Gus Savaria, one of our neighbors, is home from a weeks agony in the Hospital (Woon.)"

"Keep your dogs off Brisson's lawn. HE does not like dogs."

Jay thinks that his readers are entitled to know all the facts. In one issue he wrote, "If you go to the parade today, watch for your reporter in the Mercymount Country Day School band. He will be playing the bugle in the middle of the second row."

Jay modestly uses on his masthead: "For the Neighbors," but on his mailing envelopes he has stamped "The Newspaperman Known Everywhere." At the rate he is becoming known, that designation may not long be an exaggeration.

After a feature article about his paper appeared in the Woonsocket *Call*, Jay raised his prices to 5¢ for the paper and 8¢ for advertising. For his mailed subscriptions, which now go to New York, New Hampshire, South Carolina, Texas, Florida, Massachusetts, Iowa, Illinois, Arkansas, Alaska, Quebec, Okinawa, Hong Kong, and Uruguay, he charges 8¢ a copy "unless you send your own stamps," as he wrote one subscriber.

The "big ad," as Jay calls it, from Little, Brown & Co., was sent to him because, in his 4th issue, he

had written, "Let's give compliments to Edwin O'Connor, who just made a new book named *The Last Hurrah*. We are very proud to know that he lives in our neighborhood, that is Gaskill Street. BUY HIS BOOK." Little, Brown & Co. published *The Last Hurrah*.

Jay's ads are as unique as his news items; everyone reads them carefully. One man pays him every week to run a joke of his own choosing. Another man pays for the following ad: "PLEASE GO TO CHURCH ON SUNDAY. Compliments of ANONYMOUS."

Ever since the day I went to the rambling brown house with the blue trim, to buy a subscription and talk to the young publisher, I have been one of the host of Jay's "good friends."

On the first call Jay brought out his alphabetical file of letters. He explained that he gathers his news the first part of each week. He said that his mother cuts the stencils for him, but does not edit the copy. To pay his mother for this service, he scrubs the bathroom tiles each week.

He would take the stencils down to his father's office, and have the secretary help him mimeograph the sheets. His father is a mill-machinery broker. When I paid Jay for our subscription, he made change from a broken Liberty-bell bank.

When Jay was being interviewed on the local radio station, he said that he could not accept any more

ads or news than could be used on three sheets because he could not mimeograph more than that number. Immediately a telephone call came into the station for Jay to see Daniel Sadwin, a curtain manufacturer.

Now, Mr. Sadwin calls for Jay every Friday evening, takes him to the factory office, and works with him all evening, and usually Saturday morning, too. He has taught Jay to use the multilith; now the paper can be printed on both sides and can run to four sheets.

When Mr. Sadwin discovered that Jay was buying his paper retail at a cost of \$4.02 a week, the manufacturer ordered the paper wholesale, paying only \$1.65 for the same amount. He bills Jay once a month. Mr. Sadwin also explained the value of back-page advertising, and took a \$1.25 ad for several weeks.

Jay is the youngest of five children. Mrs. Egan says the whole family is having fun because of Jay's endeavors, and are all helping but not pushing the boy.

Both his parents agree that the publishing business has been educational for Jay. He has learned to write business letters, keep files, keep expense accounts, and send out and pay bills. He has learned to hold out cash to pay his current bills; he was careful to open the *Gazette* account in the bank that would pay him the highest interest rate.

He has gained poise from meeting businessmen as one of them and being guest of honor and sometimes speaker at banquets. He is also getting experience as a television announcer. Every Friday, Jay appears on a WJAR-TV show in Providence to give news of interest to young people in Rhode Island. From the example of the men he admires, he has learned to be gracious to child competitors who are imitating his paper.

Jay either writes or telephones to thank anyone who helps him in any way. As he told me, "Every day I find that I have learned something new in this business."



TOWN AND COUNTRY

Last week end I happened to overhear a conversation between my wife and our eggman. They were discussing the old question: which is better—city life or life in the country? The denim-clad farmer merely waited silently while my wife extolled the wonderful advantages of life in the big city.

Then he spoke up. "I figger it this way," he said. "This city of yours shouts about the works of man. But the country—well, it just sorta whispers about the works of God."

Ernest Blevins.

What Would You Like to Know About the Church?

Questions about the Church are invited from non-Catholics. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If yours is the one selected to be answered publicly in The Catholic Digest, you will receive a lifelong subscription to this magazine. Write to The Catholic Digest, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

THE LETTER

To the Editor: Isn't the censorship which the Catholic Church practices over books, movies, and television an invasion of the God-given right of freedom of thought? Shouldn't people have the right to choose between good and evil (using as a standard the teachings of the Bible) instead of acting as robots, blindly obeying commands?

I thank you for this opportunity to write to you; also, let me express my appreciation for your wonderful magazine.

Mrs. Ruth Burke.

THE ANSWER

By J. D. CONWAY

Do you really know any Catholic robots, Mrs. Burke? Mind and heart are essential to a good Catholic, and a robot has neither. The Church wants no blind obedience to her commands; she expects and she generally receives a free and intelligent

obedience, which is prompted by love and based on sound reasons.

Your question does touch on one of the sorest points of present-day friction between American Catholics and non-Catholics. In a way, it is rather hard to understand. The Church's laws and censorship are imposed on her own members, not on non-Catholics. Yet you do not hear Catholics protesting.

The conflict arises from a series of errors and misunderstandings on both sides.

First is a failure to understand the meaning of freedom itself, and the natural limitations which must be placed on it to prevent its becoming anarchy. I hope I do not offend if I suspect you of this error. You write about "the God-given right of freedom of thought." There is such a thing, of course; but your expression has the familiar lightness of a cliché. It is well to tear these phrases apart and see what they really mean.

God has given you an intellect for learning. It is designed by its Creator to encompass truth; it is being misused when it gets fouled up in error. Every God-given power we have carries with it an obligation that it be used in accordance with its nature and purpose.

Your God-given intellect therefore, implies a God-given obligation of seeking the truth by using that intellect. If we keep this in mind we will understand better what we mean by "freedom of thought."

The obligation of seeking truth is entirely between ourselves and God. It comes from God and we are answerable for it to God. And we are free before God in accordance with the dictates of our consciences, when those consciences are clear and certain. If a dictator tries to force our thinking by brainwashing he invades our freedom of thought. But if an honest and competent teacher tries to aid one's intellect by guiding it to truth that is no invasion. God does not leave us isolated to flounder through errors unaided on our way to truth. He has given us parents, teachers, and the accumulated experience of generations, to help us to greater freedom. And Jesus Christ has given us his Church for the same purpose.

I am afraid that we Americans sometimes get a hazy, sentimental notion of freedom. We consider it in the abstract and rate it as man's greatest good, his ultimate goal in society. Actually, while freedom is essential, it is only one of the contributing factors to man's happiness in his life with his fellow men. Truth, goodness, justice, responsibility, and a stable social order are other necessary factors. These and various other values, spiritual, in-

tellectual, and material, together constitute the common good of society. This common good is the ultimate goal of society.

Freedom must sometimes be restricted to protect justice or the social order. When one man's freedom comes into harmful conflict with another man's rights, it must be restrained, for the common good. Freedom is indispensable for man's happiness on earth, but society requires that it be a responsible freedom, considerate of the interplay of other freedoms, of the rights of other men, and of the common good of all men.

The average Catholic holds freedom in as much love and veneration as his non-Catholic neighbor does. He may possibly see freedom more clearly in the light of duty, but he will fight just as quickly if you try to restrict him. He loves the American Constitution and its Bill of Rights as much as you do. It should not be necessary to say this; but there are indications of skepticism around us.

The second reason for conflict arises from a misunderstanding of authority, in general, and of the authority of the Church in particular. We seem to forget that in society authority is necessary to protect our freedom. Our freedom of thought may be a matter between ourselves and God, but our freedom of expression involves our fellow men. Socially, our rights are often restricted by the opposing rights

of others; and when the rights of two people meet head on we need authority to resolve the conflict.

Authority exists to protect freedom. Yet there is always a measure of conflict between freedom and authority because, to protect the freedom of one person or group, authority must often restrain the freedom of another person or group. Sometimes a suspicious liberalist sees only the restraint and forgets the purpose and justice of it. The true liberalist sees the freedom protected and respects the authority which guarantees his rights. Authority is the necessary instrument of order, and order is essential to true freedom in society.

The authority which suppresses legitimate freedom is tyranny. And maybe we are suspicious these days because we have recently seen, and still see, tyranny in flagrant, cynical suppression. Maybe a taint of the Marxian theory that the ideal society will find authority superfluous has seeped down into our thinking processes. The only man completely free of social authority was the cave man; the only way we could hope to enjoy freedom without authority would be to return to the social status of the cave man. Even then, bloody fighting would ensue.

As regards the authority of the Church, I will not try, at this time, to prove to you that Jesus Christ gave his Church authority to teach his eternal revealed truths and to guide her members to heaven. I

will simply state that the Church honestly claims to have that authority and that her members believe and accept her claim. So they recognize her use of this authority as legitimate, and consequently accept with due respect the acts which result from it.

A third cause of conflict is confusion between the Church's teaching authority and her jurisdictional, or law-making authority. The Church is known to be strict about several moral questions on which modern American society is largely at variance with her. In the face of growing trends, she loudly condemns divorce, birth frustration, sterilization, abortion, euthanasia, and various violations of modesty and chastity. As a result, many non-Catholics consider her a tyrant.

Actually, the Church is simply teaching God's law. In none of these matters does she make laws of her own. She uses no coercion, except that she does have a simple excommunication, reserved to the bishop, for those Catholics who attempt marriage after divorce, or who procure an abortion. Surely it cannot be called an invasion of freedom to teach right and wrong, especially when the Church firmly believes that she was established by Jesus Christ for the purpose of teaching right and wrong, and that He remains with her constantly to see that she does it correctly.

It would eliminate some conflicts if non-Catholics understood that the

Church does not make all these "offensive" laws. Should she pass the buck back to God, who does make them? But even that would not remove all taint of authoritarianism. The Church does censor books and movies. And she seems to be moving in on TV! Isn't that un-American, anti-intellectual, and despotic?

The answer depends very much on the purpose, method, and extent of the censorship and the legitimacy of the authority with which it is done. We have already discussed briefly the Church's authority. But we might add that her attitude in all censorship is that of mother and teacher. She seeks to protect her children with the loving concern of a mother, teaching them truth, averting the confusion of error.

As regards methods and extent of censorship, it may help to outline the Church's laws, and then to indicate some of the things which are done by the voluntary efforts of her members.

One of the requirements of proper censorship is that it be competent. In the censorship of books the Church remains carefully in her own field: in the area of revelation, doctrine, and morality. She is precise and juridical in her laws and her methods. She defines the competence of censors and the means of recourse from their decisions, and the extent of her laws and various exemptions from them.

When Catholic censorship of books is mentioned most people

think of the *Index of Forbidden Books*. Actually, the *Index* is only a minor feature of the Church's general concern with books.

First of all, she reserves to her own inspection and approval all texts and translations of Sacred Scripture; books of theology, canon law, and Church history; prayers; treatises on the spiritual life, piety, and devotions; sacred pictures; processes of canonizations; books of indulgences; decrees of the Roman congregations; and liturgical books. These are her own books, in the subjects in which she is teacher. She is naturally concerned that they be accurate.

Then, also all books written by her own priests and Religious must be submitted for approval before they are published. These people write in her name, and she wants to see that they do not misrepresent her teachings.

This is the positive side of censorship. It results in the imprimatur, permission from the proper Church authority for a book to be published.

The negative side of censorship has the *Index of Forbidden Books*. It is made up largely of deep and dusty tomes of theology and philosophy, books which misrepresent in an insidious manner the teachings of the Church, subtly undermine the faith of her people, or tend to pervert their morality.

For the rest, the prohibitions are in general terms. For violations of most of them, no penalties are set.

You might say that the Church simply makes each of us his own censor, and carefully lays down the rules by which we are to do the censoring. Like a kind mother she tells us the things to avoid, and then leaves it up to our own consciences. These are the types of books she forbids.

Texts of Sacred Scripture edited by non-Catholics.

Books which teach heresy and schism.

Books which seek to undermine and overthrow all religion.

Non-Catholic books on religion, unless they are known to be correct.

Books which teach false doctrines, superstitions, etc.

Books which uphold duels, suicide, and divorce; and those which uphold Masonic and other similar secret societies.

Books which are professedly obscene.

Unapproved liturgical books, or books of false indulgences.

The Church has used a system of censorship for centuries. No Catholic gets excited about it. Anyone who has a good sound reason for reading forbidden books, and is qualified to handle them, can easily get permission. Nobody is hurt, and the unwary are protected.

In the U. S. these days the *Index* raises little fuss, compared with the furor over the Legion of Decency and the National Organization for Decent Literature. Now, these two groups are widely held to represent

the authoritarianism of the Catholic Church, her intolerance of freedom, and her desire to impose her will on non-Catholics. The fact is that they have no connection with the authority of the Church, as such. The Church has no law regarding either the Legion of Decency or the NODL. They are simply voluntary organizations of Catholics who pledge themselves to stay away from morally objectionable movies, or try to persuade dealers not to show or sell offensive magazines of sex and crime.

The Legion of Decency is a pressure group only in the general sense that if enough Catholics stay away from a movie it will have a noticeable effect on the box office. A member of the Legion of Decency takes a pledge that he will not go to movies which are morally objectionable and that he will not attend those theaters which make a policy of showing offensive movies. He does not assume any new obligation by his pledge; he simply promises to do what he believes he is already obliged to do by the moral law of God. No law requires him to take the pledge, and no law of the Church requires him to keep it.

The NODL is likewise a voluntary organization of individual Catholics following their own consciences. It lists magazines and comic books according to its judgment of their moral fitness or their exaggerated emphasis on crime, sex, and varied

violence. It urges Catholic people to follow its ratings when buying magazines; it urges merchants to be guided by its ratings in selecting periodicals for sale; and it urges its own members to exert their personal influence on merchants to recognize their public responsibility in this regard.

It is probably true that both the Legion of Decency and the NODL have been used at times to exert more direct pressure. Sometimes that use has been legitimate. You may have a right, according to law, to show an objectionable movie. But I also have a right, as a citizen, to speak out publicly and forcibly against your showing it, and to get my friends to protest, too.

In some cases, the advisability of either of us exercising our rights may be questionable. You would probably be smarter if you didn't show the picture. I might be well advised not to raise such a fuss, thus advertising your picture and stirring up religious prejudices. But the question in such instances is one of prudence, not of right. I am not being un-American because I stir up the ire of Catholics against the foul movie. I am not denying your freedom; I am simply exercising mine.

Local Catholic groups, guided by Legion of Decency ratings, inspired by zeal and urged on by oratory, may have used the picket line as a means of protest. Other local groups may have induced the police to use

their NODL list as a guide in the enforcement of censorship laws. In doing so they may have acted unwisely, but they have neither violated nor threatened the freedoms guaranteed by the Constitution.

They have, rather, used those freedoms. If conflicts develop, they must be judged and solved on the local level, in the individual case. My freedom conflicts with your freedom. If we can't settle it ourselves, authority must intervene, in the interest of personal rights and public order, and the freedom of one or both of us will have to be restrained. Neither the Constitution nor the Bill of Rights is in any danger.

I said, Mrs. Burke, that present tension results from a series of misunderstandings on both sides. You must have noticed that my clarifications have been aimed mostly at one side. I think our Catholic mistakes have been mainly in prudence and farsighted wisdom. We have been so sold on the rightness of our aims that we have failed to evaluate the attitude and temper of our non-Catholic neighbors and have not made proper efforts to sustain their support. In their beginnings, both the Legion of Decency and the NODL had encouraging backing from many non-Catholics. Now the opposition has become so bitter that some non-Catholic leaders seem tempted to recommend immoral pictures in defiance.

We should lower our voices, sit down together, and talk things over. It doesn't help for us to shout "Prejudice" and for them to scream "Authoritarianism." We are all of us Americans jealous of our rights and freedoms. We are occasionally in conflict, but more often in misunderstanding. And the conflicts do not so much involve fundamental issues as questions of method and prudence.

After all, many non-Catholic organizations, some of them representing churches, are as quick to use organized pressure as any Catholic group. They frequently try to

influence legislation, e.g., prohibition laws. Personally, we may find the WCTU annoying, and the laws it induces may restrict our freedom. But we do not consider it un-American or authoritarian. So you, Mrs. Burke, may call the zealots of the NODL meddlesome pests if they annoy you. But it will help clear thinking if you remember that they are voluntary groups of Catholics striving for morality and decency in their homes and communities. They may try to wield influence, but they are not authoritarian, because they have no authority.



KID STUFF

One morning I spent some time explaining to my young Bobby all about his guardian angel. Bobby listened round-eyed as I told him that he need never feel alone or afraid as long as he remembered that his good angel stood always by his side, ready to protect him from any harm.

Alas, within an hour it became necessary for me to give Bobby a good spanking. Gathering breath between volcanic sobs, he roared, "Where's that guardian angel now?"

Mrs. Charles Cassano.



Little Paul, going-on-four, had begun to show a flattering interest in his pretty young mother's new clothes. Sometimes he even paid a neatly turned compliment. One day mother came home with a new hat, beige and befeathered. She had thought it a lovely creation. Paul took a long look but said nothing.

Mother fished for some revealing remark, but Paul could not be induced to comment. Later, when daddy came home from the office, Paul rushed excitedly into the kitchen. "Quick, mommy," he shouted. "Put on your new hat and scare daddy."

S.M.M.



Life can sometimes be so sad it doesn't bear thinking about. A certain five-year-old in Richfield, Minn., watching her father enjoying the evening paper, heaved a deep sigh, and said, "Dear me, it's too bad I never learned to read."

Minneapolis Tribune (9 May '57).

The Living Legend

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

CANADA is a great country of nearly 4 million square miles. Its largest towns are strung, like the beads of a rosary, along the two Canadian railroads near the U. S. border. Beyond these thickly settled spots lies a vast country to the north that has bred strong men of fact and fiction and even stronger legends of heroism and romance beloved of Jack London and James Oliver Curwood.

If there is a living legend that sums up this magnificence of men and action it is to be found in the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, or the Mounties, as they are affectionately called.

For three quarters of a century, books and magazines have extolled them, first as the Northwest Mounted, the "Riders of the Plains"; then, after 1920, as a modern federal force. Hollywood has arrayed such high-priced purveyors of romance as Nelson Eddy, Gary Cooper, and Alan Ladd in the famous crimson tunic and the gold-striped blue breeches. The U. S. comic-book press has exported the daily adventures of such stalwarts as King of the Royal Mounted, Renfrew of the same, and Sergeant Preston of the

Yukon. Television and radio, in their ceaseless search for glamour, dispatch yearly expeditions deep into the RCMP files. Scarcely a red-blooded boy from Bristol to Bangkok doesn't recognize "Get your man!" as the slogan of the Mounties, the famous force that never fails, at least in literature.

From the rich lode of the Mounties' casebooks Alan Phillips has assembled 70 years of fascinating episodes.

In 1869, Sir John A. Macdonald, prime minister of Canada, bought from the Hudson's Bay Co. 2½ million square miles, stretching north and west of Winnipeg. This became Canada's new frontier. The Mounties were sent to put the frontier in order. They found a tough climate and tough frontiersmen. Indians, trappers, prospectors, and half breeds—their language and rages were rawer than the whisky they drank. In this brawling atmosphere the Mounties developed their techniques and ironhanded calmness.

When Sitting Bull fled across the border shortly after the battle of the Little Big Horn he expected to continue his arrogant ways in Canada.

J. M. Walsh, commandant of Fort Walsh, with reckless coldbloodedness, went out to the Sioux camp. He was impressed with these giant warriors of the American plains, at whose belts hung the scalps of Custer and his soldiers.

Walsh was impressed but not overawed. He laid down the law to the chiefs. And he enforced it with stern justice. In the process of the enforcement he humbled the towering pride of Sitting Bull, practically forcing him back to the U.S.

From the days of the frontier, the author guides the reader down through the most astonishing cases handled by the Mounties.

There was the case of the "mad trapper of Rat river" that flashed around the world in 1931. He was known as Albert Johnson, but no one ever found out his real identity. For seven weeks, in a wild chase over frozen and desolate country, Johnson stood off the Mounties and a grim posse, hastily assembled. One policeman was killed, and Johnson died amid a blaze of guns. On his frozen face was a "wolfish smile of hate."

In his pack were a "razor, comb, mirror, needle, thread, oily rag, fish-hooks, nails, ax, pocket compass, 119 shells, a knife made from an old trap spring—all in neatly sewn moosehide cases; five fresh-water pearls, some gold dust, \$2,410 in bills, and two pieces of gold bridge-work, *not his own.*"

The Mounted Police have be-

come a legend like our FBI because nine times out of ten they have delivered the goods. Among their greatest running fights has been their struggle with the 5th column of communists over a whole confused space of history.

There was the fabulous case of Igor Gouzenko, the cipher clerk in the Soviet embassy. When he defected, and the Mounties had his story, a world spy ring was exposed.

Scarcely less astonishing is the amazing tale of Valdmanis, the Latvian wizard who built his own financial empire from what he stole from Newfoundland's government.

Nor are the thronging tales of epic manhunts and daring rescue missions without their trickle of humor. "At Moose Factory, Corp. E. S. (Tiny) Covell, six feet seven-and-a-half, used to amuse himself by impressing the Indians with feats of magic. One favorite was to conjure up a \$1 bill by burning a cigarette paper. After a show at Albany Post, an Indian came around and presented him with a bundle of newspapers. 'Medicine man burn these,' he said. 'Make money.'

"Covell played his biggest audience, 600 natives, in a boatshed turned theater at Moose Factory. As the natives nailed him, handcuffed, into a box for the Packing Case Escape, one Indian leaving the stage was heard to say, 'At last I have policeman where I want him. Now I make some home brew.' When he got back to his seat he

found the Mountie sitting in it. Tiny's awesome reputation kept the natives in his area in a constant state of grace."

The Living Legend is the ideal book for summer reading. In the dull moments of your vacation it will take you out of yourself into a

world of great and thrilling events and still greater men. The 328-page book is published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, at \$4 (to Catholic Digest Book Club members, \$2.95). To join the club, write to the Catholic Digest Book Club, CD 8, 100 Sixth Ave., New York 13, N. Y.



ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 84)

1. disport (dis-port') h) To amuse, make merry; to "carry away" from work.

While some *disport*, others labor.

2. deportment (de-port'ment) e) Behavior; manner of "carrying" oneself. His *deportment* violates all the rules of etiquette.

3. portamento (por-ta-men'tow) i) In music, a continuous carrying of one note into another; a glide.

Excessive *portamento* marred her performance.

4. portfolio (port-fo'li-o) c) A case for carrying loose papers or prints.

The artist lost his *portfolio* of drawings.

5. portative (por'ta-tiv) j) Capable of holding or carrying.

What is the *portative* force of this magnet?

6. transport (trans-port') b) To carry from one place to another, as by rail.

Please arrange to *transport* fifty bushels of wheat.

7. import (im-port') g) To carry wares into a country.

How much oil do we *import* annually?

8. export (ex-port') a) To carry or send abroad.

This year we shall *export* some of our surplus food.

9. portmanteau (port-man'tow) k) A bag for carrying clothes; a word formed by "carrying" together two words (as smog from smoke and fog).

Lewis Carroll coined many *portmanteau* words.

10. deportee (de'por-tee) f) An individual expelled from a country.

Deportees are no longer sent to Ellis Island.

11. portly (port'ly) l) Having a stately carriage; stout, obese.

The *portly* gentleman left hurriedly.

12. portage (por'tij) d) Cost of carrying; a carrying of boats overland between navigable waters.

We had but one *portage* during our entire canoe trip.

(All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.)



PUBLISHER'S PAGE

"The only way you will ever get a great circulation for THE CATHOLIC DIGEST is to sell it to non-Catholics. They will then start talking about it to their Catholic friends, and pretty soon the Catholics will start buying it."

Who in the world said that? The late John Murray, Archbishop of St. Paul. He said it to me, and I laughed, as I was supposed to.

Why did he say it? Well, your opinion is as good as mine, but I think he said it because he thought that Catholics think a religious publication must be dull.

I'm not sorry to say my dear archbishop was wrong. You, some 6 million people, find THE CATHOLIC DIGEST interesting. And, besides reading it yourselves, you have introduced it to non-Catholics.

You pass it on to the family next door, to a friend at the office, to a fellow worker. Some of you get it to several non-Catholics. I hope you will be as surprised as I was to learn that every printed copy is read by one non-Catholic.

I think I know why you pass it on. You aren't foolish enough to think anyone will read it and run to become a Catholic. But you know it makes for better friendship, because it broadens the base of understanding. You know that lack of knowledge allows suspicion to develop. Understanding, like sunshine, dispels the fog.

Your non-Catholic neighbors learn that you love them, and that if you don't you aren't much of a Catholic. That is the foundation of friendship.

So what do you do with your copy? Throw it away? Don't do that, give it away. Do you save it? Don't be that thrifty. Put it to work. The most useless book or magazine is the one gathering dust under the lamp or up in the attic.

When THE CATHOLIC DIGEST reaches 1 million circulation (in November of this year when it becomes 21 years old) it will be read by 1 million non-Catholics.

Father Bussard

(Continued from Back Cover)

EVERYONE WANTS THESE LOVELY NEW

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MAKE GOOD MONEY

Just Showing Doebla Cards to
Friends and Neighbors in Spare Time!



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Exquisitely colored
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and Holy Family
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wonderful value at
21 for only \$1.00.

SEE for yourself how EASY it is to make extra money when you show cards as new, different and unusual as these beautiful new Doebla designs! Just let your friends and neighbors see your samples of religious and conventional-type Christmas Cards and make their selections. They'll thank you for these bargains—and for saving them the trouble of shopping. You make up to 60¢ on every box—even more on certain gift and novelty items. Soon you have \$50 to \$250 or more extra money, to spend as you please. NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED!

SEND NO MONEY

Simply fill in and mail the reply card below for your FREE box of 21 ultra-smart new Slim Doebla "Tall Classics" Christmas Cards (a regular \$1.25 value). We'll also send some of our other most popular Christmas boxes (including the "Deeply Religious" Assortment shown above), on approval. If friends and neighbors don't snap up these bargains and ask for more, just return them at our expense and pay nothing! *Harry Doebla and Associates, Studio C388, Nashua, N. H.*



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We want you to *see for yourself* how easily other folks make good money the year 'round—and especially at *this time of the year*—just showing beautiful Doebla Christmas Cards and Gift items to friends and neighbors in their spare time. No experience needed. Age doesn't matter. *Anyone* can do it. See details on other side. Then mail reply card.

(Continued on
inside cover)

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